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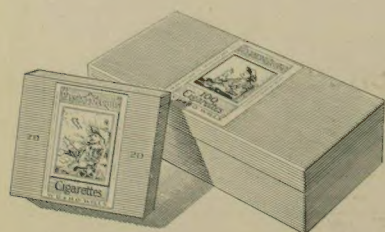
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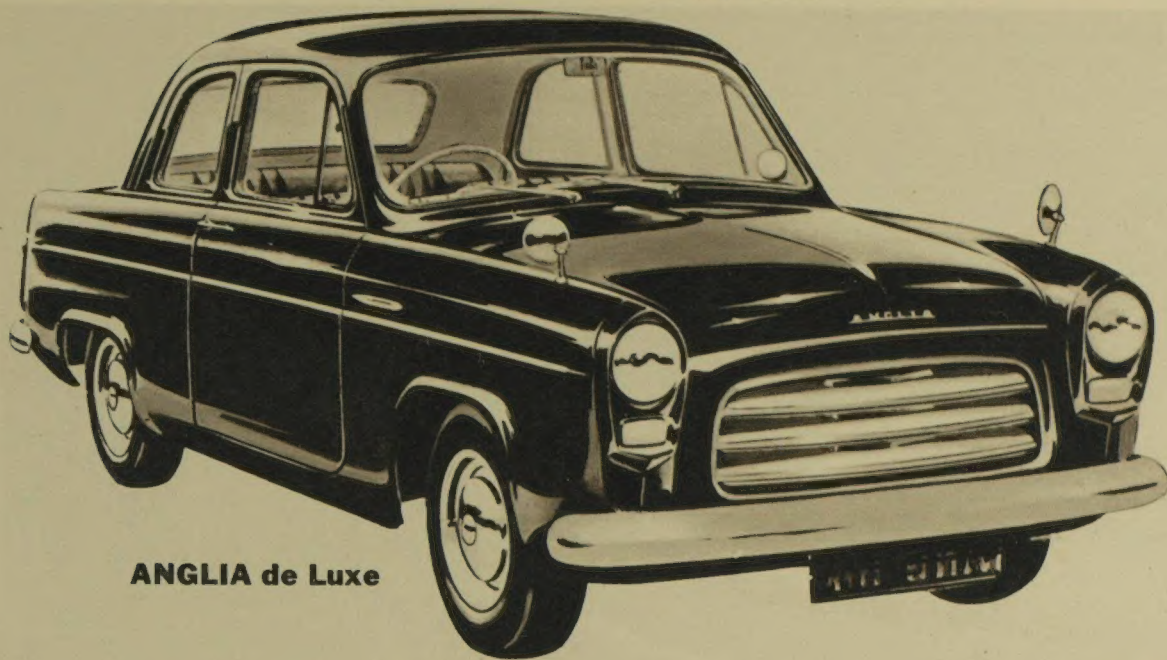


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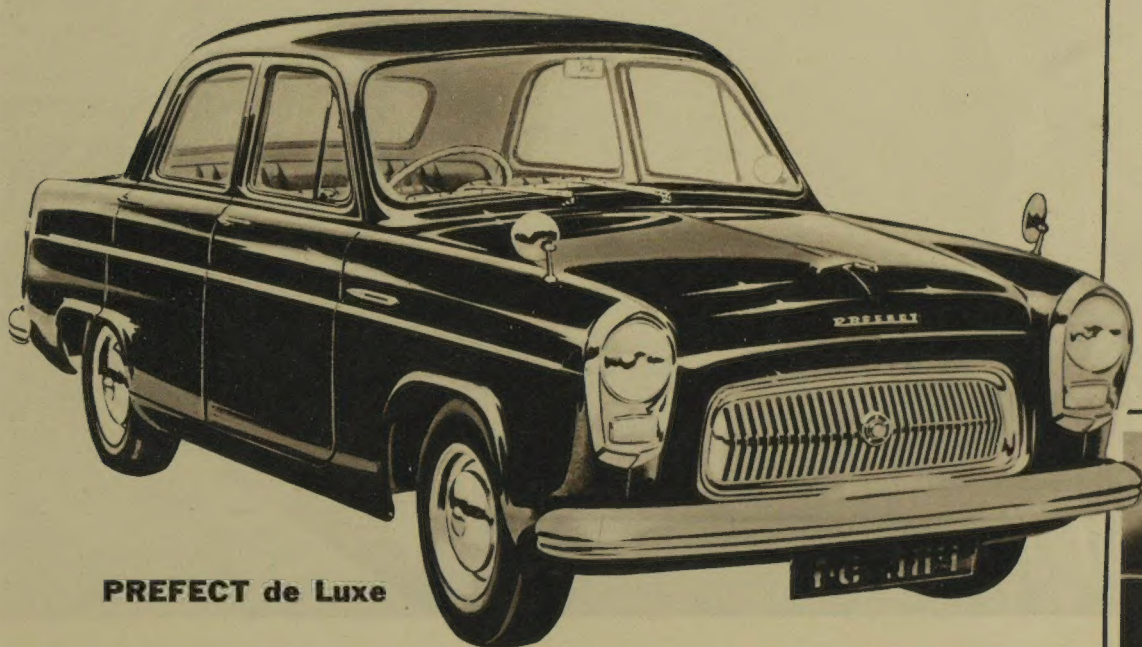
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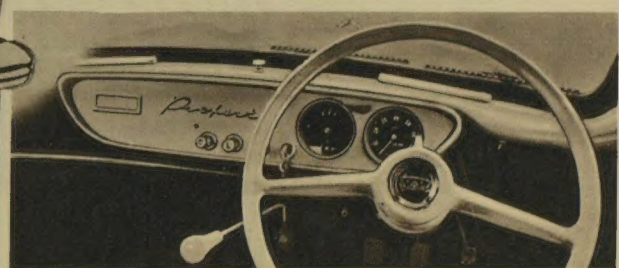


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PORTRAIT OF HARRY CHERRY, electric arc furnaceman in a steelworks in Sheffield. The steel he makes goes to every corner of the globe, in motor car and aero engines, in printing presses and in cutlery.

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British steel leads the world



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When the time comes to pause for some refreshment, the hot drink that obviously recommends itself is good coffee. For coffee, with milk and sugar, is not only reviving to the body; it is a refresher for brain and nerve too. It is so easy and so economical to make good coffee with Nescafé, for it dissolves instantly, giving all the roaster-fresh goodness of pure coffee with none of the bother of brewing.



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100% PURE COFFEE

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The case of *Apophyllia duviverei*...

'Mealies', or maize, is one of South Africa's basic food crops and any failure in the harvest is a local disaster. Yet, for years past, crop losses have been all too frequent and heavy — due largely to the depredations of *A. duviverei*, the sandveld grainworm.

This small beetle has always been a serious pest in Western Cape Province. Its eggs, which lie dormant through the hot Summer, hatch at sowing time, after the Autumn rains. A single grub

can destroy many young plants and, in a 'worm year' devastation can be complete over many acres.

Now the 'worm years' are over and the sandveld grainworm has been brought under full economic control — by dieldrin, an advanced Shell insecticide used, in this instance, as a seed dressing.

Today, with only 2 oz. of dieldrin per acre, farmers throughout the Western Cape give their valuable mealie crops complete protection.

Dieldrin, aldrin, endrin ... these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area.

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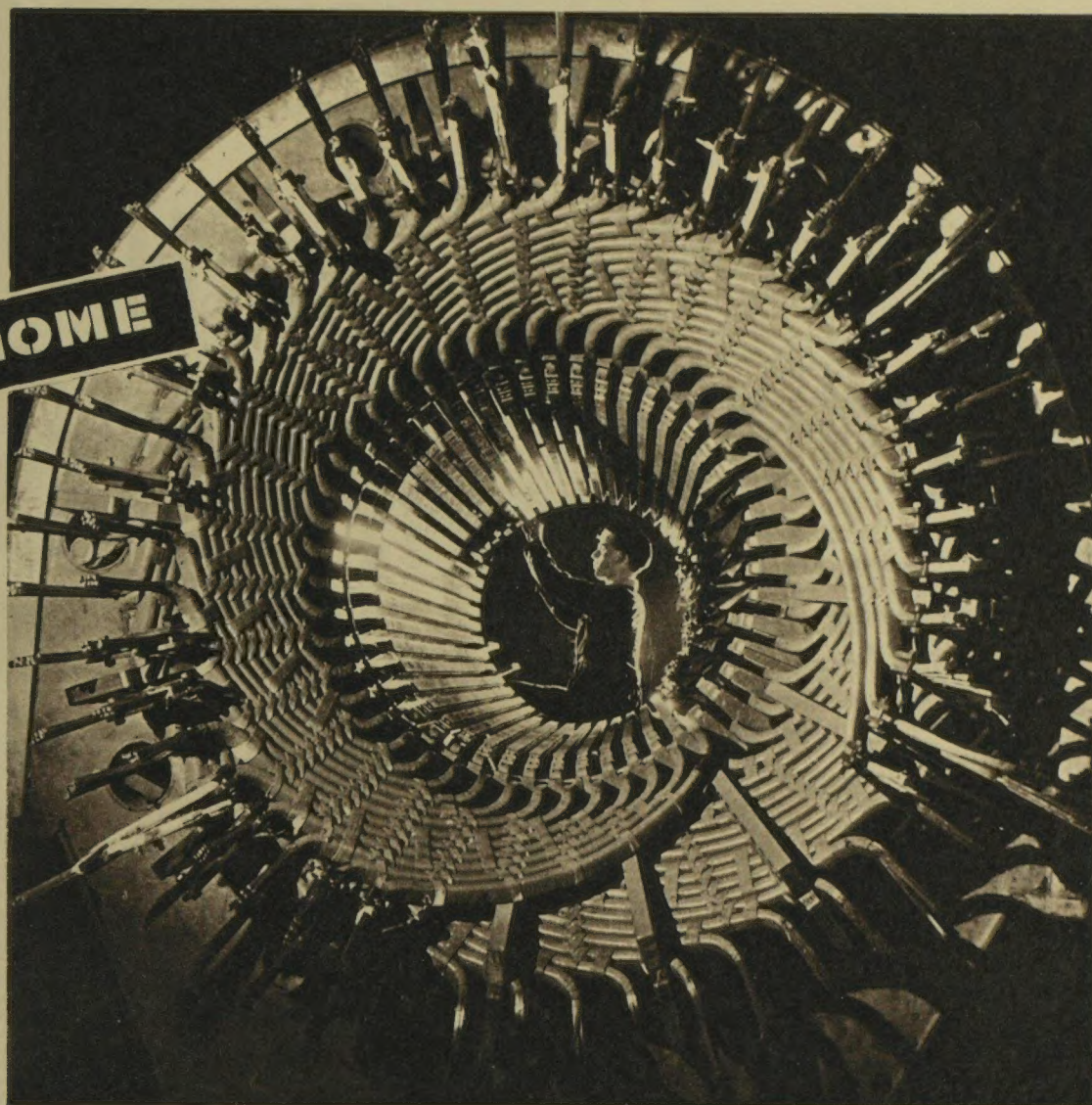
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A TWOFOLD JOB...



Power in industry.

Most modern machines are driven by electric motors—and ENGLISH ELECTRIC makes them in types and sizes for every purpose. This totally-enclosed motor in a Bradford woollen mill is of a type much used in all industries.



Power for production.

The need for more and more power is being met by the Central Electricity Authority: 50 new power stations in commission since 1948, output 60% up, and far more to come! ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied much of the plant for this great development—turbines, generators, transformers, switchgear and other equipment. This picture shows the windings being completed on the stator for one of three ENGLISH ELECTRIC 30-MW alternator sets ordered for the C.E.A.'s Fleetwood Generating Station.

How The English Electric Company is working for Britain at home *and* abroad

Britain is busy now, more prosperous than for decades past. Full employment, active industries, advances in science and technology, plenty of opportunities both for firms and for individuals... this is progress to be proud of. The challenge—the need—is to maintain it.

All depends on production—and exports.

In six years since 1949, our total industrial output has risen by 20%, and the value of our vital exports by 42%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

At home, this company helps to supply the generators, turbines and other plant needed for Britain's expanding power generation programme; it also makes the electrical equipment by which our industries *use* this energy for production—

production not only for home demand but for developing export markets.

In addition, it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

With the world-wide experience of its engineers and technicians, backed by great manufacturing resources and advanced research, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is hard at work, making an important, *twofold* contribution to Britain's economic progress.

To young men and their parents


To any boy or young man considering a career in science or engineering, ENGLISH ELECTRIC offers almost unlimited opportunities—first-class training, and a choice of rewarding jobs at home or abroad. For details, please write to the Central Personnel Department.



Earning dollars. (above) This 80-MVA, 230/115-kV transformer was supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to the U.S. Government for the Folsom Dam hydro-electric project on the Sacramento River. ENGLISH ELECTRIC products are earning hard and soft currencies all over the world for Britain.

Indian express. (below) One of seven 3,600 h.p. electric locomotives now being supplied by ENGLISH ELECTRIC to the Central Railway of India. India is one of 29 countries to which ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied electric or diesel-electric locomotives and other railway equipment.

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Queen Elizabeth II
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Power—and plenty of it—from a six-cylinder, 2.6 litre engine of brand new design. You cruise easily at 60-plus. **Gears** . . . 4-speed gearbox. From standstill to 30 m.p.h. through the gears in 5.3 seconds. Up to 70 m.p.h. in third. Top speed: over 90.

Petrol consumption is modest for such generous power. OVERDRIVE (an optional extra) will give you even more m.p.g.

Brakes . . . this car has a larger braking surface—188 square inches—than any other in its price-class. Suspension has the firmness for stability at high speed. Steering—light and accurate—is made for fast cornering.

Inside the Westminster there's comfortable room for five people. Outside, the Westminster shows the sleek good looks that match up with a great performance. There's a large boot for luggage.

Price? Only £838.7.0d. including P.T.

For great performance in smaller cars there are the Austin A30 Seven and A40-A50 Cambridge.

These are just a few of the points that put the Westminster ahead. See your Dealer for the full story.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1956.



HER MAJESTY AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: A NEW EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN BY MR. EDWARD SEAGO.

THIS portrait of her Majesty the Queen, in full-dress uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, has recently been completed by Mr. Edward Seago, R.B.A. It was commissioned by the Coldstream Guards, and is eventually to be hung in their Officers' Mess at Wellington Barracks. It shows her Majesty on the famous chestnut, *Winston*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW days before Christmas some words of significance were spoken by a young British officer, serving in Cyprus, who had been awarded the George Medal for routing single-handed a terrorist gang who had murdered his driver. At a Press conference called in his honour, at which he observed that he had only done his duty, he appealed to Press and public not to widen the gap between the peoples of two countries.

My feeling [he said] is that civilians in Cyprus are being cowed by threats and fear of a handful of murderers at large in the island. As a result, they are afraid to bring these people to justice. Last week my driver was killed by one of them and it was my duty to bring to justice the people who murdered him—aided by my personal bitterness at my driver's death. As a result, one frightened, pathetic, young Cypriot was killed and the national reaction to his death has been tragic. I feel it is tragic that misguided, frightened citizens should feel compelled to give this man a hero's status and consider that I killed a patriot. This is the thought that is worrying me. You may think I am talking like a grandmother, but there is far too much hatred here, and I appeal to you all not to deepen the rift between peaceful Cyprus citizens and equally peaceful Britons. The Cypriots are now acclaiming the dead man as their hero. The British Press is acclaiming me as theirs. This incident, instead of doing good, is separating the two camps over this so-called hero-worship. I feel there should be no jubilation over this tragedy. I appeal to all to wipe out this evil in Cyprus, so that we save the island from any more deaths, tears and sorrow. That is all I have to say.*

It was, in fact, a good deal. It is just what needed saying, and it took a brave man, like Major Coombe, who had shown his readiness to lay down his life in the preservation of law and order, to say it. All over the world ferocious feelings are being aroused and ferocious, cruel and shameful deeds are being done in the name of high-sounding abstractions which, however splendid they may seem in theory, can never in practice justify assassination and murder. There are plenty of effective ways in which a man can sacrifice himself to show his detestation of injustice and usurpation of authority; he can refuse, for instance, to pay taxes or obey an order and be sent to prison for it. But to throw a bomb into a crowd of unarmed men and women, whether in uniform or without, meaning to slay and maim, is a vile act, causing immeasurable suffering and adding to the sum total of anger, hatred, fear and injustice in a world already full enough of these things. It can never do good; it must always do harm. Gang murder is just as

atrocious in its results when committed by a gang of patriots as when committed by a gang of thugs or hooligans. These tragedies occur and these evils arise because people's values have become confused. I have no doubt that many of the Cypriot patriots who are inciting their fellow-countrymen to murder are worthy and well-meaning men who genuinely believe they are standing for something rather fine instead of precipitating something that in reality is bestial and degrading. And I have equally no doubt that the British officials and politicians, whose rigidity of outlook has, I suspect, contributed something to the popular anger in Cyprus, are convinced that their attitude has been wholly justifiable throughout, whatever the feelings it has aroused among men of a different race. Yet the greatest error that popular leaders or bureaucrats can make is to take their eye from the ball, to forget, in their obsession with abstract values, that they are leading and administering the affairs of sentient men and women, and that, if their policy results in human tragedy and suffering, they are almost certainly wrong. By international law, by our own and other people's standards of legality, we have, of course, a clear right to administer and police Cyprus and use its airfields, ports and camps for the military purposes of the Atlantic Union and the Commonwealth. And by the moral principles to which we and all other free peoples subscribe,

the Cypriots, if they wish to do so, have a right to govern themselves. But if either of these rights, pressed to their logical conclusion, result in death, maiming and misery, those who so press them so far have a heavy charge to meet at the judgment seat. Law and the consent of the governed are two great ends which must always be pursued by statesmen, and never to the exclusion of one another, for true statesmanship consists in making them compatible.

At its best patriotism is a noble virtue. It is based on love and selflessness, on love for whatever is good in one's country's tradition and in readiness to sacrifice oneself for it.

I vow to thee, my country—all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love,
The love that asks no questions: the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best:
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.†

All of us who are over the age of thirty knew men who, in either the First World War or the Second, gave the service of their lives to their country in just that way and now lie under the soil of Flanders or North Africa, Italy

or Burma, Normandy or Germany, or beneath the high seas. And all of us, if we are lucky, know men who in the work of peace give themselves unsparingly to the service of England or Britain or of the Commonwealth because they love the ideal expressed by these great and continuing abstractions more than they love themselves. Without a leaven of such men and women no nation, no society can long endure and none can be of true service to humanity.

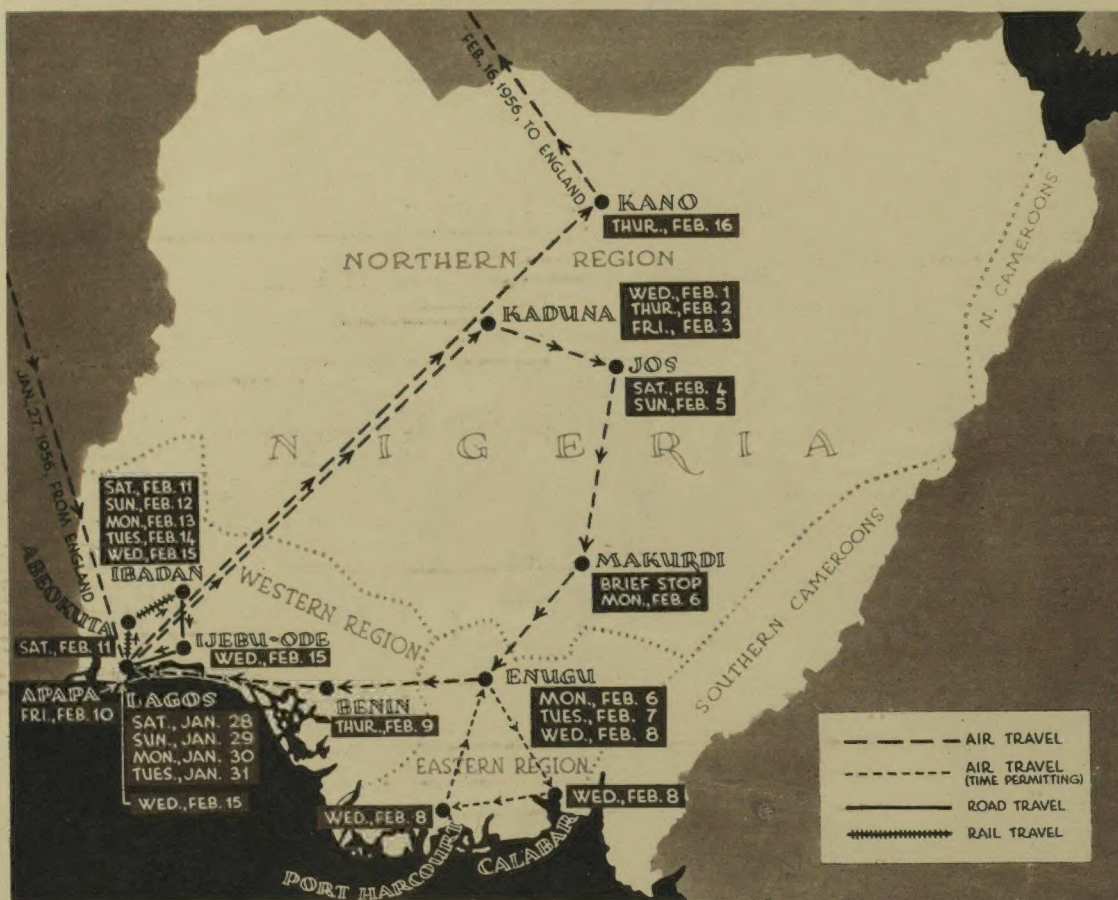
In the last resort, all loyalties—to nation or church or society—are good only so far as they make men and women the better for giving them. If, for instance, they cause men and women to commit the greatest of all crimes—murder—their effects are not good but bad. Thus war between nations is a monstrous, evil thing, and a nation defeats its own original object—the prevention of private war and violence—if it goes to war for any other cause but to repel some unprovoked breach of human peace and decency, like the invasion of Belgium in 1914 or of Poland in 1939. And nations, which arise in the first place to prevent strife between the individuals or smaller groups that comprise

them, ought always in their corporate capacity to bear in mind that the interest of their members is best served, not by making war on other nations, but by discovering how to live at peace with them. That was the great lesson which the Christian Church in the Middle Ages tried to teach the young kingdoms and nations of Europe, with its all-embracing ideal of Christendom—of an international society transcending hatred and jealousy, founded on Christ's precepts, and therefore seeking to restrain and limit war between its members. It was this conception that caused Cecil Spring-Rice, after writing the noble verse quoted on this page about love of country, to add:

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may count her armies: we may not see her king—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Perhaps Major Coombe's wise and brave words may have helped to remind both Cypriots and Britons that they are citizens, not only of their own, but of that other country.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA.



TRAVERSING NIGERIA: A MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE ROYAL VISIT, DUE TO BEGIN TO-DAY.

To-day (January 28) her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive, by *Argonaut* aircraft of the B.O.A.C. fleet, at Lagos, the capital of Nigeria. The tour proper will then commence with a flight on February 1 to Kaduna, the capital of the Northern Region, and three days later the Royal party will travel, again by air, to Jos, on the Bauchi Plateau, for a week-end of rest. On February 6, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will fly to Makurdi, and, after a brief stop at the airport, proceed to Enugu, the capital of the Eastern Region. It is hoped that, on February 8, a brief flight to Calabar and thence to Port Harcourt will be possible. On the following day, the Royal party is due in Lagos, making a brief stop at Benin on the way. The journey to Ibadan, the capital of the Western Region, on February 11, will be made by train, with a stop near Abeokuta. Lagos will see the Royal visitors again on February 15, and on the following day the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leave for London, making their final adieu to Nigeria and its peoples during a short stop at Kano, in the Northern Region.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA.

THE FIRST DAYS IN LAGOS: AND THE DIGNITARIES WHO WILL ACCORD HER MAJESTY A LOYAL WELCOME.



THE PREMIER OF THE LARGELY MUSLIM NORTHERN REGION: THE HON. MALLAM AHMADU, SARDAUNA OF SOKOTO.



THE PREMIER OF THE EASTERN REGION, A LEADER OF THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT: THE HON. NNAMDI AZIKIWE.



THE PREMIER OF THE WESTERN REGION AND LEADER OF THE ACTION GROUP: THE HON. OBAFEMI AWOLOWO.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FEDERATION OF NIGERIA: H.E. SIR JAMES ROBERTSON, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., APPOINTED LAST YEAR.



APPROACHING LAGOS FROM THE AIR: GOVERNMENT HOUSE IS IN THE WHITE FOREGROUND WITH THE RACECOURSE BEHIND IT. IN THE BACKGROUND IS LAGOS CREEK.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LAGOS: HERE THE ROYAL VISITORS WILL ATTEND A STATE DINNER ON THE EVENING OF THEIR ARRIVAL, AND A GARDEN PARTY ON JANUARY 30.



AN AIRSTRIP CUT IN FOREST COUNTRY: LAGOS AIRPORT, WHERE THE ROYAL PARTY WILL LAND IN THEIR ARGONAUT AIRCRAFT TO BEGIN THEIR NIGERIAN VISIT.

Nigeria, which is to be the scene of a Royal tour due to commence to-day, will present to her Majesty many colourful aspects not less in personalities than in natural vistas. As the *Argonaut* aircraft comes in to land at tree-surrounded Lagos aerodrome, the Queen will probably watch eagerly for a glimpse of the town itself, an island town, crowned by the Cathedral Church of Christ in which her Majesty will attend divine service on the following day, the white and stately



WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL ATTEND A SERVICE OF COMMEMORATION ON THE SUNDAY AFTER HER ARRIVAL: THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, LAGOS.

Government House set in pleasant gardens, and the curved expanse of the racecourse nearby. And the personalities? They will include H.E. the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, appointed to this office last year, and the Premiers of the three regional Governments—the Hon. Nnamdi Azikiwe (East), the Hon. Obafemi Awolowo (West), and the Hon. Mallam Ahmadu, Sardauna of Sokoto (North), who will each accord the Royal party a loyal welcome to an impressive land.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA: VIEWS OF KADUNA, ENUGU, JOS AND PORT HARCOURT.



TO BE VISITED BY THE QUEEN ON FEBRUARY 1-2: KADUNA, THE CAPITAL OF THE NORTHERN REGION OF NIGERIA—A VIEW OF THE MAIN SECRETARIAT BUILDING.



THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE NORTHERN REGION LEGISLATURE: LUGARD HALL AT KADUNA, WHERE A LOYAL ADDRESS WILL BE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN ON FEBRUARY 3.



WHERE THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WILL SPEND THE WEEK-END OF FEBRUARY 4-5: JOS, WHICH HAS ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST CLIMATES IN NIGERIA.



THE GOVERNMENT HILL STATION AT JOS, A POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR. THERE IS AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM AT JOS.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE AFRICAN TOWN IN THE MAIN PORT OF THE EASTERN REGION: PORT HARCOURT, WHICH HER MAJESTY HOPED TO VISIT ON FEBRUARY 8.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL ARRIVE ON FEBRUARY 6: ENUGU, THE CAPITAL OF THE EASTERN REGION, SHOWING THE EASTERN HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1950.

Of the four towns illustrated on this page two, Kaduna and Enugu, are regional capitals; Jos is the centre of the northern mining district; and Port Harcourt is the main port of the Eastern Region. Kaduna, the capital of the Northern Region, is a railway junction and stands on the Kaduna River, a tributary of the Niger. It has one of the nine airfields of the region and has an African population of 6095, of whom rather more than a sixth are in army units. Enugu, the capital of the Eastern Region, is much larger with a population of 62,764 and is Nigeria's only

coal city, producing coal for local use and export to other parts of West Africa. It is connected by rail with Port Harcourt and also by a motor road passing through the Oji River settlement, which the Queen is to visit. Jos, which has a population of 38,527, lies about 6000 ft. above sea-level, with in consequence a very pleasant climate, which has made it a holiday resort. At Jos, in April 1952, a museum of Nigerian archæology and ethnology was opened—the first to be built for the Nigerian antiquities service. Jos also has one of Nigeria's best hotels.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA: VIEWS OF IBADAN—CAPITAL OF THE WESTERN REGION.



(ABOVE.) TO BE OFFICIALLY OPENED BY THE QUEEN ON FEBRUARY 15: THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE WESTERN HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY IN IBADAN.

THE QUEEN and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to arrive by train in Ibadan, the largest city in Nigeria and the capital of the Western Region, on Saturday, February 11. Their engagements during their five-day stay in the city include a reception in the Western House of Assembly, one of the new Parliament buildings which the Queen will formally open on February 15. Sunday, February 12, is to be a free day for the Queen and the Duke who, on the following day, will attend a rally of schoolchildren, voluntary organisations and ex-Servicemen, and a garden-party at Government House. On February 14 the Royal visitors are to visit University College, a handsome ultra-modern structure which was opened in 1952, is affiliated to the University of London and offers to Nigerian youth new vistas of education. The Queen and the Duke are also to visit a teaching hospital and the Ibadan branch of the Nigerian College of Arts, Science and Technology. In the evening there will be a State dinner.

(RIGHT.) CAPITAL OF THE WESTERN REGION OF NIGERIA: IBADAN, SEEN IN AN AERIAL VIEW. THE CITY HAS A POPULATION OF OVER 459,000.



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL ATTEND A RECEPTION: THE ASSEMBLY ROOM IN THE NEW WESTERN HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY. THE HOUSE HAS EIGHTY ELECTED MEMBERS AND THREE SPECIAL MEMBERS.



ONE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS OF IBADAN'S UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: THE LIBRARY, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT ON ULTRA-MODERN LINES.



IN KEEPING WITH THE MODERN ARCHITECTURE OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE BUILDINGS: THE SMALL CHAPEL IN THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA: HISTORIC KANO, WHICH IS THE QUEEN'S LAST PLACE OF CALL.



OUTSIDE ONE OF THE GATES OF KANO: A VIEW OF AN ENTRANCE TO THE CITY WITH ITS CENTURIES-OLD MUD WALLS.



AT KANO AIRPORT: A TRUMPET WARNING BEING SOUNDED BY THE EMIR'S REPRESENTATIVE. THIS IS DONE EVERY TIME AN AIRCRAFT LANDS OR TAKES OFF.



WHERE LOCALLY-MADE CLOTH IS DYED: THE PITS IN THE OLD CITY. DYEING IS A LARGE TRADE, AS IS THE PREPARATION OF INDIGO.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to leave Lagos on Thursday, February 16, for the return flight to London. But they are to make a short stop at Kano, in the Northern Region, in order to see the city and its people. Kano was one of the original seven Hausa States and the written record of its kings goes back to about A.D. 900, while its legendary history goes back much further. The capital is the city of Kano, which has a population of 130,000. It is built on an open plain, and has a wall 11 miles in perimeter, with thirteen gates. This



A VIEW OF THE MOSQUE AT KANO. THE PROVINCE OF KANO WAS ONE OF THE ORIGINAL SEVEN HAUSA STATES. THE CAPITAL CITY IS PRE-EMINENT AS A MANUFACTURING CENTRE.



WHERE THE QUEEN IS TO MAKE A SHORT STOP ON FEBRUARY 16: THE CITY OF KANO, IN THE NORTHERN REGION OF NIGERIA, VIEWED FROM THE AIR.

mud wall, which was built round the city several hundred years ago, is from 30 to 50 ft. high and about 40 ft. thick at the base. Kano, the greatest commercial city in the West-Central Sudan, is pre-eminent as a manufacturing centre, particularly for cotton and leather goods, while dyeing is another large trade. Kano is also a large market for agricultural produce, especially groundnuts. Formerly it was a junction of caravan routes, and now it is one of the busiest and most important airports in Africa.

THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA: VARIED TYPES FROM MANY DISTRICTS.



A VILLAGER OF GAMADIO, NEAR NUMAN, ON THE RIVER BENUE, IN THE EXTREME EAST OF THE NORTHERN REGION.



PORTRAIT OF A YORUBA. THE YORUBAS ARE THE DOMINANT TRIBAL GROUP OF THE WEST REGION.



A WOMAN MEMBER OF THE OGBONI FRATERNITY, A CULT BASED ON JUSTICE, BROTHERHOOD AND MUTUAL LOVE.



A YOUNG FULANI MAN. THE FULANI ARE CATTLE-REARING NOMADS OF THE NORTHERN REGION.



A SOLDIER OF THE NIGERIAN REGIMENT. THERE ARE FIVE REGULAR BATTALIONS OF THIS REGIMENT.



A HAUSA BLACKSMITH, REPUTED TO BE 117 YEARS OLD. HAUSAS ARE NIGERIA'S LARGEST SINGLE TRIBE.



A FULANI CHILD. THERE ARE SOME 3,000,000 FULANI AND THEY ARE NOTED FOR THEIR ELEGANCE.



A YORUBA GIRL OF WESTERN NIGERIA. SOME OF THE BEST SCULPTURE IS OF YORUBA ORIGIN.



A HAUSA SCHOOLTEACHER OF THE NORTHERN REGION, IN WHICH HAUSA IS THE PRINCIPAL LANGUAGE.

The population of Nigeria was estimated (in mid-1954) at 31,800,000, of whom all but 15,300 were Africans, belonging to some 250 tribal groups. Of these, the four chief groups are the Hausa, of whom there are some 5,500,000 in the Northern Region; the Ibo, of whom there are about 5,000,000 in the East Region and 400,000 in the West Region; the Yoruba, of whom there are 4,500,000 in the West Region; and the Fulani, of whom there are some 3,000,000 in the Northern Region. Physically, Nigeria is rather larger than France and Italy combined and is of a

widely diversified character. The coastal belt is chiefly of mangrove swamp forest intersected by rivers; behind this lies a thick forest belt, rich in oil palms and cacao, backed by open woodland; and in the north the country rises and becomes parklike, before merging with the Sahara in the extreme north or sloping gently to Lake Chad in the north-east. Its peoples are likewise various and are among the liveliest, most intelligent and virile of Africa, and have a rich artistic culture, especially in sculpture.



staying here last summer mentioned that a relation of hers living in Norfolk had in his garden a tree of an antique variety of apple known as the costard. The name was vaguely familiar to me. I seemed to remember having read about costards and the relationship between the name and the term costermonger. Perhaps it had been in that fascinating old book, "Hogg's Fruit Manual." I turned it up and found that this was so. My friend told me of the connection, too—that costermonger was a corruption of the earlier name costardmonger, the fellows who sold

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

COSTARDS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

A shoot below the graft grew, so he decided to let it grow on and see what apple the 'Ribston Pippin' was grafted on." In 1950 he sent a sample to Kew Gardens. The reply, October 1950, was "the name of the apple is the 'Gloucestershire Costard.' This is one of the oldest apples grown in this country to-day, and very few trees still remain. Early in the thirteenth century men who sold these apples were known as costardmongers, and later this name was changed to costermongers, as we know them in England to-day."

My correspondent adds: "A good keeper—last year they kept until the end of February." Later, towards the end of November, he sent me a couple of costards—very distinctive apples, conical, slightly angled and five-sided in section, yellow skinned, with a reddish flush on the sunny side. They were a measured 3 ins. high, and 3 ins. through at their widest, near the base. I had one of them photographed. Hogg has a good deal to say about the costard, which I will quote, in part, here.

Costard (Coulthard; Prussian Pippin).—Fruit above medium size, two inches and three quarters, or three inches wide, and three inches and a quarter high; oblong, but narrowing a little towards the eye, distinctly five-sided, having five prominent ribs on the sides, which extend into the basin of the eye, and form ridges round the crown. Skin smooth, dull yellowish green, strewed all over with imbedded grey specks. Eye, partially closed with long acuminate segments, and set in a rather deep angular basin. . . . Flesh greenish white, tender, juicy, and with a brisk and pleasant sub-acid flavour. An excellent culinary apple of first-rate quality. It is in season from October to Christmas. The tree is hardy, a strong and vigorous grower, with strong downy shoots, and an abundant bearer.

The costard is one of our oldest English apples. It is named under the name of "Poma Costard" of fruiterers' bills of Edward I, in 1292, at which time it was sold at a shilling a hundred. The true costard is now rarely to be met with, but at an early period it must have been very extensively grown, for the retailers of it were called costardmongers, an appellation now transformed into costermongers. It is mentioned by William Lawson, in 1597, who, in his quaint style, says: "Of your apple trees you shall finde difference in growth. A good pipping will grow large, and a Costard tree: Stead them on the north side of your other apples, thus being placed, the least will give sunne to the rest, and the greatest will shroud the others." "Modern authors," continues Hogg, "make the Costard synonymous with the Catshead, chiefly, I think, on the authority of Mr. George Lindley, who has it so in the 'Guide to the Orchard,'" but this is evidently an error. All the early authors who mention both varieties regard them as distinct. Parkinson describes two varieties of costard—the "Gray" and the "Greene." Of the former he says: "It is a good great apple, somewhat whitish on the outside, and abideth the winter. The green costard is like the other, but greener on the outside continually." Ray describes both the catshead and the costard as distinct, and Leonard Meager enumerates three varieties of the costard in his list—the white, grey and red, but which of these is identical with that described above it is difficult now to determine. Some etymologists, and Dr. Johnson among the number, consider this name to be derived from *cost*, a head; but what connection there is between either the shape or other appearance, and a head, more than any other variety, must puzzle any one to discover. It is more probable that it is derived from *costatus* (Anglice, costate, or ribbed) on account of the prominent ribs or angles on its sides. I think this is a much more likely derivation.

It is interesting that the Kew authorities referred to the costard as a Gloucestershire variety. I wonder whether that implies that it was originally raised in this county, or merely that it was grown more exten-

sively in Gloucestershire than elsewhere. Anyway, I shall be very glad to be able to welcome scions of it for grafting, back from Norfolk to its home county of Gloucestershire. Whether this ancient variety would hold its own to-day against modern varieties of apple in open, unbiased competition is doubtful, but the two specimens that came to me recently showed it to be a worth-while apple, an estimate which is confirmed by Dr. Hogg's description and estimate of it. And to me, at any rate, its ancient history will make it doubly interesting.

What the opinion of a modern costermonger might be of a barrowload of costards, who can tell. Probably with its fair size, rather unusual shape, and blonde



A JUNIOR TO THE COSTARD BY SOME 300 YEARS, BUT STILL AN ANCIENT APPLE: THE CALVILLE BLANC, AS PORTRAYED BY REDOUTÉ, A MELTING AND DELICATE APPLE, FAMOUS IN FRANCE, WHICH UNFORTUNATELY DOES NOT THRIVE IN ENGLAND.

The Calville Blanc, or Calville Blanche d'Hiver, a five-sectioned apple like the Gloucestershire Costard, was first recorded in 1600 and its origin, though uncertain, is probably French. This fine portrait of it is reproduced from "Fruits and Flowers," by Pierre-Joseph Redouté, ed. Eva Mannering (Ariel Press; 30s. general edition, 45s. bound in full linen), by courtesy of the publishers.

this ancient variety of apple, and, at the same time, she put me in touch with the owner of the tree in Norfolk, who not only told me the history of his specimen, but most generously sent me a couple of costards, and promised to send me, later, scions from his tree for grafting here. He wrote: "All I can tell you about this apple is that when my father first came here in 1884 he grafted a 'Ribston Pippin' on a tree.



"ONE OF THE OLDEST APPLES GROWN IN THIS COUNTRY": THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE COSTARD, "VERY DISTINCTIVE . . . CONICAL, SLIGHTLY ANGLED AND FIVE-SIDED IN SECTION, YELLOW SKINNED, WITH A REDDISH FLUSH ON THE SUNNY SIDE . . . 3 INS. HIGH AND 3 INS. THROUGH AT THEIR WIDEST, NEAR THE BASE."

Photograph by Peter Pritchard

complexion he would make a seller of it, especially by means of a little polishing-up upon his sleeve or his corduroys. However that may be, I am glad that the old Norfolk costard-tree was having no nonsense with "Ribston" grafted on to it, and had the enterprise to push out a shoot below to put the grafted upstart usurper in its place, else I might never have had a chance of meeting in person—as I hope to—the gallant antique costard. And that suggests an idea—the adoption of "costard" as a friendly epithet, to take the place of the modern "basket."

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ON THE EVE OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF NIGERIA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ENTHRONED, ON THE DAIS IN THE GREAT BALL-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This regal photograph of her Majesty was taken in the great ball-room at Buckingham Palace, the largest of the State Apartments, shortly before the Queen's departure with the Duke of Edinburgh for the Royal Tour of Nigeria. Her Majesty is seen enthroned on the dais at the west end of the room beneath the crimson velvet canopy, which is worked with the Royal arms. The Queen is wearing an embroidered white silk dress and the ribbon and the star

of the Order of the Garter. The Queen and the Duke were due to leave yesterday, January 27, by air for Lagos, arriving to-day. Because of the size of Nigeria the Queen and the Duke will travel mostly by air during their tour, which is to last eighteen days and includes only two days, both Sundays, which are free of official engagements. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness are due back in this country on February 17.

Colour photograph by Cecil Beaton.



A PORTUGUESE GOLD MASTERPIECE: THE BELÉM MONSTRANCE, BY GIL VICENTE (1506).

The Belém Monstrance is one of the most outstanding masterpieces to be seen at the current Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of Portuguese Art. It was commissioned in 1506 by King Manuel from Gil Vicente, the outstanding goldsmith. The monstrance is made of gold and enamel, and certain details are inlaid with tiny, sparkling rubies. Particularly fine is the modelling and colouring of the Twelve Apostles, who are kneeling in a circle around the glass container for the Host. The piece is surmounted by a canopy of exquisite gold tracery in

Gothic-Manueline style, which enshrines the figure of God the Father and, below this, the white enamel Dove of the Holy Spirit. The base of the monstrance is studded with tiny birds, snails and seashells, beautifully modelled in enamel. The gold used is of an especially delicate and soft hue. It came, as is recorded in the inscription round the base, from Kilwa, on the coast of Southern Tanganyika, and was collected as tribute by Vasco da Gama on his voyage to India in 1502. It may be seen at Burlington House until February 19. (Height, 28½ ins.)

Reproduced in colour by courtesy of the Museu de Arte Antiga, Lisbon.



MAKING HER FIRST VISIT TO WEST AFRICA : HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN SEEN IN A CHARMING NEW PORTRAIT.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was due to leave London by air on January 27 for her tour of Nigeria and her first visit to West Africa. In this issue we reproduce a photograph in colour of the Queen enthroned on the dais in the great ball-room at Buckingham Palace. The portrait-

photograph of her Majesty on this page shows some of the Queen's magnificent jewels. At ceremonies which the Queen attends on foot during her visit to Nigeria, a bearer, ex-Sergeant-Major Momo Zinder of Northern Nigeria, is to walk immediately behind her carrying the Royal Standard.

Photograph by Cecil Beaton.

IVORIES FROM THE THRONE-ROOM OF KING ESARHADDON; AND A TALE OF VENGEANCE REVEALED IN EXCAVATIONS AT NIMRUD.

By M. E. L. Mallowan, D. Lit., F.B.A., F.S.A. (Field Director of the Expedition and Professor of Western Asiatic Archaeology in the University of London).

The following article—the second of two—describes the results of excavations at Nimrud during the months of March and April 1955. The expedition was under the auspices of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq and generously supported by many other institutions, including the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, the University of Cambridge, the Birmingham City Museum and Art Gallery, and the Iraq Petroleum Company, who generously assisted with the loan of machinery, and provided skilled technical help. The staff of the expedition consisted of the following persons: the Director and Mrs. M. E. L. Mallowan; Mr. R. W. Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Reid and Mr. David Oates, who were in charge of the surveying; Miss Barbara Parker, epigraphist; Miss Olga Tufnell and Miss J. Beidler, who assisted in the field and recorded the pottery. A warm debt of gratitude is due to H.E. Dr. Naji al Asil, Director-General of the Iraq Antiquities Department, and his staff, who again did everything possible to further the work, and also to Sayid Izzet Din, who was the Iraqi representative and whose previous experience was invaluable to us.

In the previous article, which appeared in our issue of January 21, Professor Mallowan described the excavation of the Temple of Nabu and the nearby throne-room of King Esarhaddon. In this throne-room a great quantity of ivories was found and associated with them a very large tablet, not yet fully deciphered, which lays down the very severe terms of a treaty between Esarhaddon and a Prince of the Medes called Ramaleia in the year 672 B.C. All photographs are copyright of the British School of Archaeology in Iraq.

THIS great treaty tablet and the fragment of similar treaties associated with it are vividly illustrated by the drawings upon the ivories. On the one hand we have what we suspect to be a somewhat one-sided document binding the Medes from a small district in Iran to good conduct, and imposing dire penalties on them in case of breach of agreement; on the other hand we see the pictures of the conquered Medes themselves bearing heavy tribute, pots, pans, furniture and linen to the King of Assyria (Figs. 10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17). On more than one of the panels we see these outlandish men from Iran with their flopping woollen caps and side-pieces, open fringed garments, and low jack-boots—a sharp contrast to the more stiffly-dressed men of Assyria. The facial differences are no less striking—thin, pointed noses instead of the fleshy Assyrian, and little straight beards.

It is, however, the conjoint discovery of documents and ivories in the same room, deliberately smashed and then burnt, which dramatically illustrates the turn of events in Assyria. In 672 B.C., when Assyria was at the height of its power, the treaty was made: sixty years later the Medes, together with the Babylonians, sacked Nineveh. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that at Calah-Nimrud we have found in the King's throne-room evidence of the revenge for which the Medes waited so long. The copies of the treaties must have been stored in the temple. Who but the Medes can have more eagerly awaited an opportunity of seeking them out and mutilating the evidence of their subjection, which the Assyrians had put into writing as well as illustration? Whether or no this happened concurrently with the sack of Nineveh in 612 B.C. or some years earlier we are still unable to say with certainty. There is a possibility that this sack may have occurred about 625 B.C. during the reign of Assur-ebiliani, the penultimate King of Assyria, many of whose bricks have been found in

association with the ivories and the documents. Further work may solve this problem.

Not all of the ivories from the King's throne-room depict tributaries. One particularly fine panel (Figs. 20, 21) would seem to represent priests, perhaps of Marduk, for one of them is leading in a bull and a bull calf. In earlier times the Sumerians used to refer to "the Bull Calf of the Sun," so that the animal was originally attributed to a solar god. Later the same animal was identified with Marduk. Possibly, therefore, these priests, some of whom have a star on their shoulder, were bearing gifts appropriate to the god of Babylon; the caparisoned horse and the great bird figure prominently in the procession. Other panels bear fine engravings of the winged eagle-headed

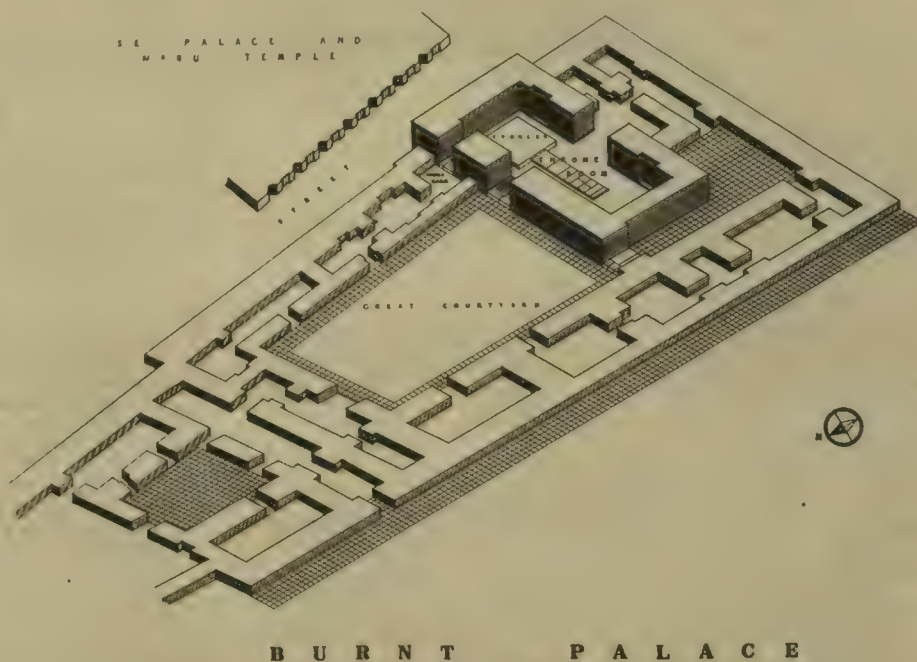


FIG. 1. A RECONSTRUCTION (BY MR. J. H. REID) OF THE BURNT PALACE OF NIMRUD, SHOWING THE PLAN AND GENERAL ELEVATION—AND ALSO ITS RELATION TO THE TEMPLE OF NABU AND THE SOUTH-EAST PALACE, WHICH ARE THE SITES MORE ESPECIALLY EXAMINED DURING THIS LAST SEASON.



FIG. 2. A WELL REVEALED IN THE COURTYARD OF THE BURNT PALACE.



FIG. 3. AN OBLIQUE VIEW OF THE WELL OF FIG. 2, SHOWING THE RELIEVING ARCH WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT OVER IT UNDER THE PAVEMENT, IN THE NINTH CENTURY B.C.

"Nisroch" figure carrying cone and bucket, and there are similarly winged male genii who are also constantly associated as guardians and protectors of the King (Figs. 18-23). Most interesting are the rounded chair-arms (Fig. 18), also decorated with apotropaic figures (designed to avert evil omens) and spirited drawings of the kneeling bull.

Two remarkable ivory heads of females were also found in the ashes of the same room. The better of the two, now in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad, still bore considerable traces of gold sheeting which had been hammered on to the finely-scored hair. The second (Figs. 7-9), grey in colour from the firing, is hollow; it stands 2½ ins. (6.7 cm.) high, and must have been mounted on some upright member of a chair or the like. The lady has a tight, pinched mouth, large ears and a heavy nose. She wears a crown surmounted with lotus buds and overlaid with gold incrustation.

This was a type of face apparently admired in Assyria, for it is represented on more than one valuable ivory from Nimrud, and though probably not the Queen herself, may well be a personage of Royal blood within the King's harem. The long tresses of hair at the back of the head are very elaborately done, and add much to the weight and dignity of the piece.

In two rooms adjoining the throne-room smaller ivories were also found, some of them beautifully executed. A swimming maiden is an exquisite example of this miniature work.

It seems probable that most of the larger panels, especially those which illustrate processions, may have been made in the reign of Esarhaddon, whose name is associated with them. Although the figures are often very cleverly and skilfully delineated, there is a remarkable carelessness in the treatment of the ivory. The panels consist of more than one strip with the ends obliquely sawn, and they were fixed on to wood by means of copper nails which were ruthlessly hammered through the drawings (Fig. 12). This degenerate use of a noble material is perhaps characteristic of a later style, and we should not expect to find it in the ninth century. Consequently, this group, while it

may contain some more archaic material such as the heads, provides us with a very valuable index for the development of style after 700 B.C.

The heavy destruction which overtook Calah towards the end of the seventh century B.C. also involved the breaking-up of its archives. From the debris of the south-east building we recovered a large fragment of some finely-written annals of the reign of Tiglathpileser III (Pul of the Old Testament), 745-727 B.C., with new information about his campaigns in Philistia and a geographical list of the towns which lay on his march. This fine tablet belongs to part of a set which was first discovered at Nimrud in 1876 by George Smith. In a small room on the north side of the Nabu Temple court many more fragments of tablets were found in a rubbish-pit where they had been cast aside at some later period by occupants of the site after the collapse of the Assyrian Empire. These were clearly the remains of the Temple library for which we had been searching; mutilated and fragmentary though the collection may be, it is still of great interest and it is known that there is yet more to come. As might be expected, the texts are mostly religious in character; they appear to include magical, astronomical, incantation texts, omens and possibly prayers. To this lot belongs the clay model of an internal organ of a sheep, of a kind used for the instruction of Babylonian diviners (Figs. 4, 5). This model, according to Dr. C. J. Gadd, concerns itself exclusively with the S-shaped convolutions of this organ; presumably prognostications for the future depended on such peculiarities. No less interesting was a finely written fragment of a list of cuneiform signs in which an archaic writing characteristic of the early Third Millennium B.C. is rendered with the equivalent forms of the eighteenth century B.C. (Fig. 6). This tablet, which again joins with one brought to the British Museum by George Smith, is, as Dr. Gadd

remarks, "of great interest as representing the study of palaeography in the Assyrian schools."

Much progress was made in unravelling the entire sequence of the history of the ancient city by cutting a cross-section, a great trench over 50 metres in length. The head of this trench was situated over the top of a well in the Burnt Palace (Figs. 2 and 3), ran across a street between this building and the Nabu Temple, and was prolonged into the sanctuary. As a result we were able to read in the soil the continuous history of Calah from about the beginning of the thirteenth century B.C., until the Hellenistic period when it was scantily occupied—deserted, according to Xenophon. Only a few points of interest can be mentioned in this brief review. First of all, it is clear that when the Nabu Temple was erected in its present

[Continued on opposite page.]

AN ASSYRIAN AUGURER'S VADE MECUM; AND A KING'S FAVOURITE IN IVORY.



FIG. 4. FOUND AMONG THE REMAINS OF THE LIBRARY OF THE TEMPLE OF NABU: A CLAY MODEL OF AN INTERNAL ORGAN OF A SHEEP WITH INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE TRAINING OF THE BABYLONIAN DIVINERS.



FIG. 5. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CLAY MODEL OF FIG. 4—CURIOUSLY REMINISCENT OF OLD-FASHIONED PHRENOLOGISTS' CHARTS, AND INDEED SERVING PRECISELY THE SAME PURPOSE: THE GUIDANCE OF THE PRACTITIONER.

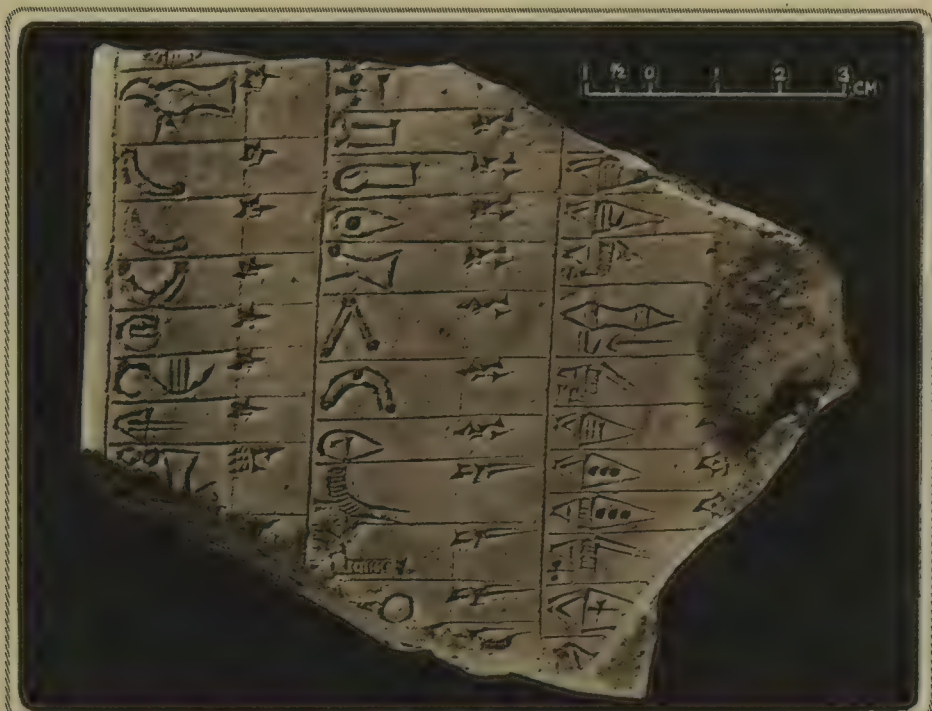


FIG. 6. A SCHOLAR'S DOCUMENT OF ASSYRIAN TIMES: IN EACH COLUMN, ON THE LEFT, ARE GIVEN PICTOGRAPHIC SIGNS OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM, WITH, ON THE RIGHT, CUNEIFORM OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

[Continued.]

form a gigantic effort was made to ensure the establishment of a permanent seat for this newly-introduced god. A huge mud-brick platform was erected which elevated the sanctuary about $3\frac{1}{2}$ metres above the level of the Burnt Palace floor. It is evident that skilled masons were employed and were in charge of a small army of unskilled workmen who adjusted the levels by pouring clay beds over the older brickwork, and were thus able to correct inexact brick-laying or unevenness in the older platforms as the work proceeded.



FIG. 7. ONE OF A PAIR OF REMARKABLE IVORY FEMALE HEADS, FOUND AMONG THE ASHES IN THE THRONE-ROOM OF KING ESARHADDON. THERE ARE STILL TRACES OF GOLD ON THE LOTUS-BUD CROWN.



FIG. 8. A FRONT-FACE VIEW OF THE CHRYSSELEPHANTINE HEAD OF FIG. 7. THE PINCHED MOUTH AND LARGE NOSE WERE EVIDENTLY CHARACTERS ADMIRABLE IN ASSYRIA, SINCE IT IS A TYPE ALREADY WELL KNOWN.



FIG. 9. A BACK VIEW OF THE CHRYSSELEPHANTINE HEAD WHICH SHOWS THE HOLLOW INDICATING THAT THE HEAD WAS PROBABLY MOUNTED ON THE PILLAR OF CHAIR OR OTHER PIECE OF FURNITURE. THE COIFFURE IS TYPICAL.

At this time many magical clay figures were sunk into boxes underneath the floor of the Burnt Palace. Adad-nirari III was almost certainly the author of this work, c. 800 B.C. Probably towards the close of that century, in the reign of Sargon, 722-705 B.C., a new outer façade to the Temple was built, as well as a new frontage to the two sanctuaries between the Nabu Temple and the throne-room. Here we find the little round columns known as the "niche-and-reed construction" characteristic of Sargon and much used by

[Continued overleaf.]

SUBJECT RACES BEARING TRIBUTE TO ESARHADDON, KING OF ASSYRIA, AND

EAGLE-HEADED PROTECTIVE GENII—IN MAGNIFICENT IVORIES FROM NIMRUD.



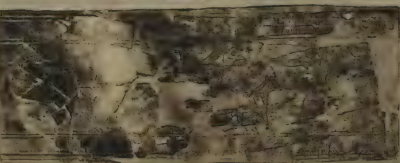
(ABOVE) FIGS. 10 AND 11. AN IVORY FRAGMENT WITH TRANSCRIPTION, SHOWING MEDES WITH TYPICAL FRINGED GARMENTS, CAPS AND BOOTS BEARING TRIBUTE TO THE KING OF ASSYRIA.



FIGS. 14 AND 15 (ABOVE, RIGHT). AN IVORY PANEL, SHOWING THE KING'S SQUIRE CARRYING A BOW. COMPARE ALSO LEFT-HAND FIGURE IN FIG. 12. THE TRANSCRIPTION SHOWS THE DETAIL.



FIGS. 16 AND 17. AN ENGRAVED IVORY PANEL (WITH TRANSCRIPTION) IN FOUR REGISTERS, PARTLY BROKEN, SHOWING A PROCESSION OF TRIBUTE-BEARERS.



FIGS. 20 AND 21. AN IVORY PANEL (WITH TRANSCRIPTION) SHOWING, IT SEEMS, ELABORATELY ROBED PRIESTS OF NABU LEADING ANIMALS—A HORSE, BULL



FIG. 12. A LONG COMPLETE IVORY PANEL, REPAIRED WITH WAX, SHOWING THE KING OF ASSYRIA



FIG. 13. A TRANSCRIPTION OF FIG. 12. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE: A SQUIRE IN THE ROYAL TENT, THE ROYAL CHARIOT, AN ATTENDANT, AN UMBRELLA-BEARER, THE KING, THE FLY-WHISK-BEARER AND THREE OFFICERS LEADING IN MEDIAN CAPTIVES BEARING TRIBUTE.



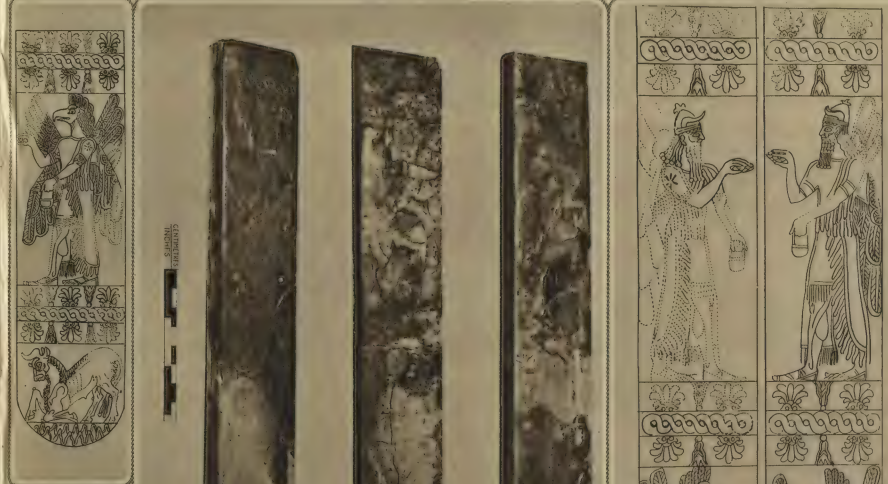
FIG. 18. A PAIR OF ENGRAVED IVORY CHAIR-ARMS WITH ROUNDED ENDS. THE PRINCIPAL FIGURE ON EACH IS AN EAGLE-HEADED GENIE (NISROCH) WHO PROTECTS THE KING. BELOW IS ENGRAVED A KNEELING BULL.



RECEIVING TRIBUTE FROM THE MEDES. A TRANSCRIPTION IS GIVEN BELOW (FIG. 13). ON THE UPPER AND LOWER EDGES OF THE PANEL IS A FRIEZE OF TREES KNEELING TO PALMETTES.



RECEIVING TRIBUTE FROM THE MEDES. A TRANSCRIPTION IS GIVEN BELOW (FIG. 13). ON THE UPPER AND LOWER EDGES OF THE PANEL IS A FRIEZE OF TREES KNEELING TO PALMETTES.



FIGS. 22 AND 23. THREE IVORY PANELS SHOWING PROTECTIVE GENII—THE EAGLE-HEADED NISROCH AND A WINGED FIGURE WITH CONE AND BUCKET.



him in his capital at Khorsabad, the ancient Dur-Sharrukin. Finally came the great sacking of the city, in the ashes of which so many valuable antiquities were found. The Burnt Palace here illustrated (Fig. 1) by Mr. J. H. Reid, as it must

have appeared in the reign of Sargon, was sacked contemporaneously with the buildings across the street. Each of these buildings contained by then splendid collections of ivories, some of which we now know were as late as the reign of

Esarhaddon, others made to the orders of Sargon, and others older still. One of the most interesting problems which still remains to be solved is the exact date of the great disaster which overtook the city. It is not unlikely that

evidence to help in the solution of this problem as well as new treasures will emerge from the soil in the forthcoming season of 1956, about the time at which the British School of Archaeology in Iraq will be celebrating its 25th anniversary.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. MR. DULLES SURVEYS THE PAST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

A NOW familiar delusion, which may create a trap, is the impression that American political ideas and methods are similar to our own, even as regards international affairs. A series of political exchanges, confirming the very real likeness between our ideals and those of the United States and, indeed, the general international outlook of the two nations to-day, may emphasise the similarity. It may tend to wipe out memories of occasions when our impressions were the reverse. Then, suddenly, a single incident reminds us of what we had been inclined to forget. We find that American methods, the habits of thought behind them—and, most of all, the choice of means of conveying official policy to the public—differ radically from our own. A dynamic but at the same time jerky element appears in American foreign policy, which is clearly at variance with British attempts to preserve a consistent rhythm. This has been illustrated only too sharply by the article in *Life* on the policy of Mr. Dulles, the United States Secretary of State, and his own comments.

Differences of method begin at the very beginning. Though Mr. Dulles knew that an article was being written and had been seen in advance by newspaper correspondents, though it was written round some statements which he had made to the magazine, he said at a Press Conference on January 11 that he did not recall the precise words which he had used and that he had not then seen the article. From the British point of view this was an astonishing procedure. It is only right to add that it has encountered sharp criticism in the United States, but nothing to the storm which would have been raised here. The theme of the article is that Mr. Dulles averted war by his boldness. He himself said that war was thrice narrowly avoided: at the conference in Korea, before the French disaster at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, and at the time of the Formosan crisis in 1955.

Mr. Dulles laid down the following principle: "The ability to get to the verge without getting into the war is the necessary art. If you cannot master it, you inevitably get into war. If you try to run away from it, if you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost." There is something to be said for the principle, but the phrasing was unhappy. However, we are told that the Secretary of State went to the brink three times, and three times saved the situation by making it clear to both the Chinese and Soviet Russian Governments that supreme measures, including atomic weapons, would be used against China if she persisted in the courses which she was then pursuing. The most important and critical occasion was the second, that regarding Indo-China.

doing for a long time—bases in Southern China would be destroyed by American aircraft with atomic weapons. Two American carriers set out for the scene of action. (It is doubtful if this would have saved Dien Bien Phu, which the Communists were capable of taking, and did take, without "open" intervention by China.)

Mr. Dulles believed Britain and France were more or less in agreement with him. Then, he says, on Easter Sunday, April 18, 1954, he found that Britain had undergone a change of heart. A week later, on April 25, two meetings of the British Cabinet were held; but it is denied in London that Britain, in the person of the then Foreign Secretary and present Prime Minister, had ever agreed to the action advocated by Mr. Dulles. It is much more likely that the Cabinet, having confirmed the Foreign Secretary's

gained such an impression, it may be that the warning was timely, though even then one feels that it might have been given in a better form. In this country it will be held with still more conviction that the revival of the controversy over action in Indo-China was unhappy, especially since it took the form of a reproach, however mild, of indecision and changed intentions which the British Government denies, and which it could not well avoid denying publicly. The situation is still not without danger in Korea, Indo-China and the Formosa Channel, but the powder-barrel of the moment is the Middle East. It calls for the fullest and most intimate co-operation.

Indo-China represented a situation in which the United States could not fail to be interested. The dispatch of American arms and equipment for use by the French would appear to have been amply justified. I would say the same of the loan of American aircraft to carry reinforcements and supplies to Dien Bien Phu. But atom bombs on Chinese bases would have been a drastic remedy beset with grave danger in a far wider field, and even had it ever been a suitable step, would by then probably have been too late to effect its purpose. The case of Mr. Dulles is that the Communists learnt of the intention of the United States to take decisive action rather than allow them to become supreme in South-East Asia, and that the result was good. He got to the verge without getting into the war. That much at least is not to be denied. We may still wonder whether the feat was justifiable and hope that three successes, if that is what they were, will not lead to its becoming a practice.

As for Formosa, my views remain what they have always been. I have more than once pointed out here that the offshore islands stand for a genuine American dilemma which has not always been fairly treated in this country. To say that they are wholly useless in the defence of Formosa seems to me an exaggeration. I have also argued that the United States is justified in deciding to defend Formosa itself and to give the Nationalists all the aid they need in the event of a Communist attack. I have, however, taken the line that the two problems, Formosa and the offshore islands, are different, even though there may be some connection between them. One has no close relation to the Chinese mainland; the other is an adjunct to it, virtually a part of it. On balance, it has seemed to me, since the question arose, that it would be desirable to work for the evacuation of the offshore islands. A tough and unwelcome task, no doubt, but it should be attempted.

All this trouble has come at a time when Mr. Dulles seemed to be consolidating his position as Secretary

THE OXBURGH HANGINGS.



SOME PANELS FROM THE OXBURGH HANGINGS, PARTS OF WHICH WERE WORKED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. THEY ARE NOW EXHIBITED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. The Oxburgh hangings, which were presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by the National Art-Collections Fund in 1953, have now been repaired, and will be exhibited in the Recent Acquisitions Court until the middle of March. These three green velvet hangings were made by Mary Queen of Scots, in collaboration with the Countess of Shrewsbury, in the early years of the Queen's long captivity in England. The top panel of the five shown above bears the monogram of the Queen. The *petit point* panels (centre) are the centrepieces of the two smaller hangings, which were largely the Countess's work. The two cross-shaped panels, with the bird and the dolphin, are both among those signed with the initials of the Queen. A section of the large central hanging is reproduced on the opposite page.

The first, the termination of the Korean War, was also the first major problem which the Administration had to face. We are told that the President and Mr. Dulles were in agreement that if the truce negotiations broke down the United States would reopen the war—this time to achieve complete victory, with the aid of atomic weapons. We also learn that this decision was made known to the Communists through Mr. Nehru. Over the Formosan crisis of last year President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles are said to have been as strongly united. It was not a case merely of going to war in defence of Formosa, an immediate attack on which was then scarcely in question. The President, we are told, would have regarded an attack on the Quemoy and the Matsus—our old friends the offshore islands—as part of an offensive against Formosa, and suitable targets in Manchuria had already been selected in case this should occur.

The intermediate crisis of 1954 requires more attention because more complex and involving this country even more closely than the others. Dien Bien Phu looked like going wrong almost from the first. It is known independently that the French commander, General Navarre, demanded massive American aid, and it appears that M. Bidault supported his request. Mr. Dulles decided that if any such action were to be taken it should be by formal agreement between the United States, Britain and France. His intention, according to *Life*, was that if China intervened openly in the war—that is, apart from providing arms and equipment as she had been

refusal to commit the country, was concerned with what it was to say publicly than that it was in any doubt about what it was to do. On the 27th Sir Winston Churchill announced in the House of Commons that the Government would give no undertakings about military action in Indo-China in advance of the results of the Geneva Conference and had entered into no new political or military commitments.

At the time of writing, Washington opinion is said to be that the statements of Mr. Dulles and the interpretation of his policy by *Life* were an early shot in the election campaign. If so, this is a little surprising in view of the background of the Secretary of State. He is, of course, a good Republican, but he has not been regarded as an extreme party man and he has stood for a measure of bipartisanship under both Democratic and Republican Presidencies. What has been said and written cannot contribute to the maintenance of this policy or spirit. The effect, from the point of view of home politics, can only be guessed at. The United States, however, is more used to such revelations than this country, and they are unlikely to cause as much excitement, or to create such far-reaching results, as would be the case with us.

The aim in foreign politics is clearer. Mr. Dulles must have intended to make it patent to the Communist Powers that they would be making a mistake if they concluded that the friendly approach of the President at the first Geneva Conference of 1955 indicated weakness or softness in the United States. Since the possibility exists that the Russians had

of State, and I fear it has been a setback to him. He possesses remarkable qualities of heart and mind. He is a hard and conscientious worker. In his frequent travels he has shown himself determined to make sure of facts. Perhaps we are too prudent and conventional in our public utterances, and therefore prone to be particularly critical of robust frankness. The fact remains that every word, almost every physical gesture, of a man in the situation of Mr. Dulles is recorded in a flash all over the world. This is something new. And the world in which news is so speedily and thoroughly diffused is also the world which has at its disposal means of self-destruction such as have never previously been conceived. These means are chiefly in the hands of the United States. Mr. Dulles can therefore hardly be astonished if robust frankness is questioned.

I have not had to make an effort to keep indignation out of what I have written because I have not experienced it. I am convinced that any tendency to allow Communism to get away with aggression where a vital interest was involved would be a fatal weakness. At the same time, I cannot commend the move to the verge as practised by Mr. Dulles, in particular in the case of Indo-China. The methods of revealing it are the concern of American politics and journalism, but we are entitled to disapprove of them in this case because they affect us. Let us hope that the two partners, on whose partnership the safety of the free world largely depends, will be able to work in closer sympathy in the next phase.



A SECTION OF THE CENTRAL HANGING OF THE OXBURGH HANGINGS, MUCH OF WHICH WAS WORKED BY MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. THESE INTERESTING HANGINGS ARE AT PRESENT EXHIBITED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.

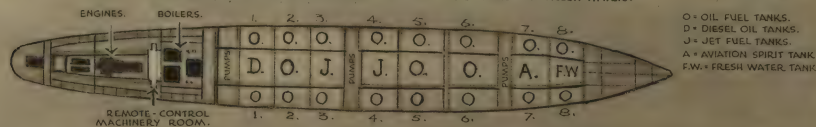
The Oxburgh hangings are on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum until the middle of March. Thereafter, apart from some small pieces which will be retained at the museum for exhibition and study, they will normally be on loan to the National Trust for exhibition at Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, which has been their home since the eighteenth century. These green velvet hangings were worked in *gros point* and *petit point* in about 1570, during the early stages of her long captivity in England, by Mary Queen of Scots, in collaboration with Elizabeth

Countess of Shrewsbury. The large central hanging, most of which is shown above, was largely the work of the Queen, and many of the panels bear her initials or monogram. The central *petit point* panel shows a hand pruning a vine, and bears the motto *Virescit Vulnere Virtus* (Virtue grows by wounds). This was one of Mary Stuart's favourite emblems. Most of the smaller panels show plants, animals, birds or fish. The overall measurement of this hanging is 7 ft. 2 ins. by 9 ft. 7 ins.

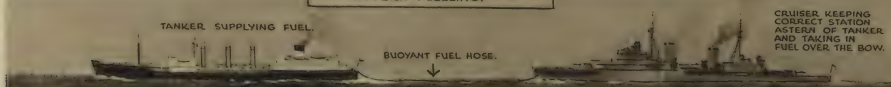


THE NEW FAST REPLENISHMENT TANKER "TIDEREACH" (25,900 TONS DISPLACEMENT) FOR SERVICE WITH THE BRITISH FLEET.

THE 24 LARGE TANKS ARE CAPABLE OF HOLDING 13,000 TONS OF OIL FUEL, 1,500 TONS OF JET FUEL AND AVIATION SPIRIT, 900 TONS OF DIESEL OIL AND 800 TONS OF FRESH WATER.



ASTERN FUELLING.



BY THE NEW METHODS EMPLOYED, IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO SUPPLY FUEL (AND WATER, IF REQUIRED) WHILST BOTH SHIPS ARE AT SPEED AND IN HEAVY WEATHER.



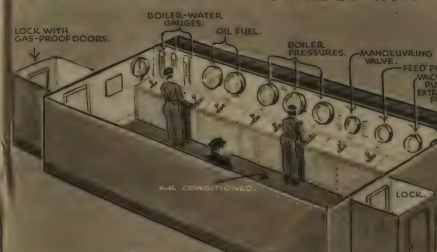
TO REFUEL OUR FIGHTING SHIPS FAR OUT AT SEA UNDER CONDITIONS OF NUCLEAR WARFARE: FAST REPLENISHMENT TANKERS ORDERED BY THE ADMIRALTY.

Ocean warfare has its own problems, perhaps the greatest of which is that of replenishment, as the Pacific War against Japan clearly demonstrated. With this lesson in mind, and no doubt impressed by the exigencies of atomic warfare during which it might be necessary to maintain a large naval force at sea for some time, the Admiralty have introduced a series of fast replenishment ships, known as the "Tide" class. The first two have already been completed, the *Tidereach* is now serving with the Home Fleet, and the *Tidestrange* has been handed over to the Royal Australian Navy. The remaining ships, still building, are the *Tidestrange* and the *Tidestrange*, the latter being due for delivery in March this year. The ships have an overall length of 583 ft. and a breadth of 71 ft.;

they have a full-load displacement of 25,900 tons, and their steam turbines develop a shaft horse-power of 15,000, giving a speed of well over 15 knots. An important feature of these fine ships is their gas-protected citadels, forward and aft, which can be quickly sealed off and navigation safely pursued should the vessels need to pass through a lethal atmosphere, contaminated perhaps by gas or radioactive particles. Under similar conditions, the propulsion of the ship would be directed from a gas-proof air-conditioned remote-control machinery room, where pressures would be checked and adjusted in safety until the contaminated area was negotiated. The actual business of refuelling at sea, for which these fast replenishment ships have been primarily designed,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.P.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE ADMIRALTY.

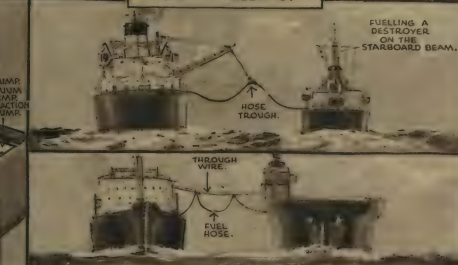
THE ATOMIC-DEFENCE REMOTE-CONTROL MACHINERY ROOM.



A "TIDE" CLASS REPLENISHMENT TANKER, SUPPLYING AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER WITH FRESH WATER (A), FUEL OIL (B) AND AVIATION FUEL (C) WHILST BOTH SHIPS ARE PROCEEDING AT OVER 12 KNOTS.



ABEAM FUELLING.



FUELLING AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER WITH JACKSTAY RIG.

ships steam fairly close together and the hose is carried in a trough attached to one of the tanker's derricks; the hose is slung outboard, secured by the warship and connected to its fuel pipes. Since these ships must carry a large crew to work the vessels for long periods at sea, the accommodation for both officers and men compares favourably with the highest Merchant Service standards. Under peacetime conditions, each man has a cabin to himself; there is a library for the officers, reading-rooms for the men, and splendid recreation rooms; the normal complement is 25 officers and 80 men. The *Tidereach* does not mount guns in times of peace, but in the event of war she would be well-armed to take care of her valuable cargo.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

RARE COMPANY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"NOBODY ever could, or did, or will improve on Mozart's operas." I quote that because this year we are celebrating the bicentenary of the praised and the centenary of the praiser. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born on January 27, 1756, and Bernard Shaw ("Nothing exasperates me more than to be Georged in print") on July 26, 100 years later.

So, if anyone revives "Don Juan in Hell" during the coming twelve months, either by itself or in its proper place as an act of "Man and Superman," certain things must have a special burnish: the "Mozartian strain" at the beginning of the dream; the Statue music that announces the Commander, and the first exchanges between the Statue and Don Juan:

JUAN: Ah, here you are, my friend. Why don't you learn to sing the splendid music Mozart has written for you?

THE STATUE: Unluckily, he has written it for a bass voice. Mine is a counter tenor . . .

lady as scandalised by having to entertain one of her own sex in the costume of an air pilot.

I met the play first at the daring Plymouth Repertory Theatre where George S. King's courage was out of all proportion to his support. It was as far back as 1925. (Only three months earlier this remarkable nutshell-theatre had done another collector's piece, "The Philanderer.") In "Misalliance" I still recall vividly the outbreak of the late Bernard Copping as the Cockney "Gunner": "Oh, don't think, because I'm only a clerk that I'm not one of the intellectuals. I'm a reading man, a thinking man. I read in a book—a high-class six-shilling book—this precept: 'Affirm your manhood.' It appealed to me. I've always remembered it . . ." Peter Jones was similarly successful in the part during an Arts Theatre revival some years ago.

Other plays on the list for 1956 are "Major Barbara," which the Bristol Old Vic Company is doing at the London Old Vic in July for a two-week period that

without one only a month after the centenary.

The Abbey Theatre company from Dublin is taking "Saint Joan" to Paris during July. It is early days yet; and we can expect a group of other Shaw revivals, in London and the country, before the year is out. They will underscore what ought to need precious little proof, that Shaw is a major dramatist in the theatre as well as upon the page. Many teasy things have been said about him since his death, but I believe that in the minds of most playgoers he endures (it is Masfield's superb phrase in the ninetieth birthday Ode) as "erasing Shaw who made the folly die":

Is there a mystery in life or fate
To which his spirit has not sought door? . . .

There are numberless Shakespearian collectors—enthusiasts bent upon hearing every play and, when that feat is achieved, every line. With the productions of the "Henry the Sixth" trilogy and of "Titus Andronicus," many people reached the first aim. The second is harder: it needs a good memory, an ear for cuts. Happy are those (and I shake hands with myself) that have achieved, say, the Hecate passage in "Macbeth" and every line in the Council scene of "Troilus."

I mention this because there are also enthusiasts, a lesser band, who strive to catch every play of Shaw. Thanks to the Arts Theatre a few years ago, many got within measurable distance by picking up all the shreds, scraps, and shavings: the one-act plays such as "Press Cuttings," "The Glimpse of Reality," "The Fascinating Foundling," and "The Admirable Bashville" with that rich outburst:

Injurious copper, in thy teeth
I hurl the lie. I am no trainer, I.
My father, a respected missionary,
Apprenticed me at fourteen years of age
T' the poetry writing. To these woods I come
With Nature to commune.

What I need yet (beside the mysterious unpublished piece) is "Jitta's Atonement," Shaw's highly typical translation of a play, "Frau Gittas Sühne," by his own Austrian translator, Siegfried Trebitsch. When it was acted in England at the Grand, Fulham, thirty-one years ago, it impressed Arnold Bennett greatly. Have we any hope of a contemporary revival, I wonder?



AT SADLER'S WELLS, WHERE IT WAS TO BE PRODUCED ON MOZART'S BIRTHDAY NIGHT ITSELF: "DON GIOVANNI," SHOWING THE TOMB AND STATUE OF THE COMMENDATORE (POSED BY STANLEY CLARKSON). THE SETS ARE BY MISS TANYA MOISEWITSCH AND THE CONDUCTOR IS MR. LEO QUAYLE.

and the few lines towards the end:

THE STATUE: I should like to meet this Nietzsche.

THE DEVIL: Unfortunately, he met Wagner here, and had a quarrel with him.

THE STATUE: Quite right, too. Mozart for me!

Those who cry with enthusiasm, "Mozart for me!" have pleasures enough this spring, with the new production of "The Magic Flute" at Covent Garden, "Don Giovanni" at Sadler's Wells, and the earliest opera of them all, "La Finta Semplice" ("The Pretended Simpleton"), written when Mozart was twelve. Peter Daubeney will present it at the Palace on March 12 with the company which is singing it this month at Salzburg.

My theme now is not so much Mozart as Bernard Shaw. Already there are signs that this will be a Shavian year. We begin with "Misalliance"—"a debate in one sitting," as Shaw called it—on February 8 at Hammersmith. It is the comedy of parents and children, written in 1909-10, that has still a trick of throwing up surprise after verbal surprise, and it contains my favourite line, "The writing is on the wall. Rome fell, Babylon fell, Hindhead's turn will come." Though Shaw's way of fooling with proper names is not his most inspired gift, I cannot restrain affection for such a snatch of dialogue as this:

TARLETON: Who are you, and what the devil were you doing in my new Turkish bath?

THE MAN (with tragic intensity): I am the son of Lucinda Titmus.

TARLETON (the name conveying nothing to him): Indeed? And how is she? Quite well, I hope, eh?

Still, strangers to "Misalliance" and its irrepressible dialogue will find that there is more in the play than Lucinda Titmus. It was written originally for Frohman's Duke of York's repertory in 1910. Twenty years later Shaw printed this programme note in a revival at the Royal Court:

A word of explanation is needed when presenting a play of contemporary life which, though virtually new to the London stage, yet contains such an anachronism as allusions to Russia as it was under the Tsars; treats aeroplanes as marvellous and perilous spectacles at which entire households rush out of doors to gaze; and represents an elderly



IN HONOUR OF THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF MOZART'S BIRTH: A NEW PRODUCTION OF "THE MAGIC FLUTE" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, WHICH WAS TO HAVE A SPECIAL COMMEMORATION PERFORMANCE ON JANUARY 27, MOZART'S BIRTHDAY. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A SCENE FROM ACT I, WITH SARASTRO (KEITH ENGEN) AND PAMINA (ELSIE MORISON).

covers the anniversary; and "Caesar and Cleopatra," by the Birmingham Repertory Company (produced by Douglas Seale) which will reach the Vic just afterwards, fresh from its appearance in the Paris international festival of drama. The Birmingham theatre has a special interest in the play because Sir Barry Jackson revived it at the Kingsway in 1925, with Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the coquettish young Cleopatra and Cedric Hardwicke as Caesar—Shaw's very personal idea of the man—who says: "So, to the end of history, murder shall breed murder—always in the name of right and honour and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

Besides these plays I gather that there is to be a Shaw during the third week of the Edinburgh Festival—certainly the Festival would be strange

This is too early for centenary tribute. The weeks are Mozart's. On this page I like to remember how Shaw, as a drama critic (he said much about Mozart, of course, in his earlier years as "Corno di Bassetto"), scattered through his work such phrases as these: "The unfortunate new dramatist has to write plays so extraordinarily good that, like Mozart's operas, they succeed in spite of inadequate execution"; "Mozart's 'Don Giovanni,' the world's masterpiece in stage art, is only Punch on a higher plane"; and "Mozart was a wonderful enchanter . . . he drove many clever men clean out of their wits by his airs from heaven and blasts from hell in 'La Nozze di Figaro' and 'Don Giovanni.'"

Yes: this is the year of a great double event. Shaw, we can be certain, would be happy to find himself in league now with Mozart.

A FAIR CITY—REDUCED TO RUBBLE: WARSAW'S PLIGHT WHEN WAR ENDED.



THE OLD MARKET SQUARE, WARSAW, AS IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO: HOUSES REDUCED TO SHELLS, AND NOW (SEE PAGES 138-139) FAITHFULLY RECONSTRUCTED.



WITH (LEFT) THE REMAINS OF A BAROQUE MONUMENT: PART OF THE RUINED GOTHIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN.



THE TRAGIC DESTRUCTION OF WARSAW'S BEAUTIFUL OLD CITY — DESOLATION, NOW REPLACED BY ORDERED RECONSTRUCTION.



ONCE A QUAIN CORNER OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF WARSAW: DZIEKANIA STREET, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENTS OF THE WAR, PILED HIGH WITH FRAGMENTS OF MASONRY.



CLEARED OF BRICKS, RUBBLE AND DÉBRIS: THE EXPANSE OF THEATRE SQUARE, SHOWING ITS DILAPIDATED STATE AFTER THE WAR, BEFORE RECONSTRUCTION BEGAN.



NEW WORLD STREET, ONE OF WARSAW'S FINEST THOROUGHFARES, AS A COLLECTION OF DILAPIDATED AND RUINED MASONRY. IT IS NOW RESTORED TO BUSY LIFE.



ST. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH AS IT WAS BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II. THE MODERN RECONSTRUCTION IS ILLUSTRATED ON OTHER PAGES.



THE SQUARE OF THE THREE CROSSES AFTER THE BOMBARDMENTS, WITH, IN THE CENTRE, THE RUINS OF ST. ALEXANDER'S CHURCH.

The heart of Warsaw, the beautiful Old City (Stare Miasto), with its historic buildings and tall, dignified houses, now beats again, for the terrible damage inflicted on the capital of Poland during the course of World War II. has been largely repaired. As illustrated on other pages of this issue, the centre of the city has been reconstructed according to its pre-war design, with salvaged bricks from the destroyed buildings. The immense amount of work involved may be gauged

from the photographs on this page, which illustrate the state of the city at the end of the war. New World Street, one of Warsaw's most famous thoroughfares, has been rebuilt, but in this case the architecture is in contemporary Russian style. St. Alexander's Church, in the Square of the Three Crosses, was completely destroyed in the bombing, but has been rebuilt in a somewhat simpler form. It is shown as it now is on other pages of this issue.

THE NEW WARSAW, A CITY OF RECONSTRUCTIONS, ASPECTS OF THE POLISH CAPITAL TEN



(LEFT.)
LOOKING TOWARDS
THE REBUILT OLD
CITY (STARE MIASTO):
A VIEW OF WARSAW,
WITH RUINS SAL-
VAGED FROM WAR-
DAUNED HOUSES
SPACED IN THE
FOREGROUND.

(RIGHT.)
WITH TEMPORARY
OVERHEAD CABLES
CARRYING POWER TO
BULLET-SCARRED
HOUSES ON ONE SIDE,
AND RECONSTRUCTED
BUILDINGS OF THE
OTHER: A WARSAW
STREET.



LOOKING ACROSS THE VISTULA TO PRAGA: THE EAST-WEST HIGHWAY WITH (L.) THE
TIN PALACE, ONCE A NOBLEMAN'S HOME, NOW A GOVERNMENT OFFICE.



SEVERELY DAMAGED IN THE RECENT WAR AND RECONSTRUCTED IN 1950: ST. ALEXANDER'S
CHURCH, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1826, AND ELABORATELY RESTORED IN 1891.



SHOWING THE DETAIL OF THE ORNAMENTATION, WHICH IS A COPY
OF THE ORIGINAL EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DESIGN: THE DOORWAY
AND FACADE OF A REBUILT HOUSE IN THE CITY.



WITH A WARSAW CAR—THE POLISH VERSION OF THE RUSSIAN FORDEA IN THE FOREGROUND: A VIEW OF
JERUZOLIMSKIE AVENUES. THE BUILDING ON THE EXTREME LEFT IN THE DISTANCE IS WARSAW'S ONLY
DEPARTMENT STORE. THE STOCK OF CONSUMER GOODS IN WARSAW IS VERY SMALL STILL.

THE city of Warsaw, situated on the left bank of the Vistula on a terrace some 120 to 130 ft. above the river, supplanted Cracow as capital of Poland in the sixteenth century. The precise date of its foundation as a town is not known, but it is believed that Conrad, Duke of Mazovia, erected a castle on the present site in the ninth century. Warsaw has seen many conflicts and insurrections, and the tide of war has swept over it many times. The Swedes took it in 1655 under Charles Augustus and again in 1702 under Charles XII.; The Russians overran it in 1764 and 1794; Napoleon's troops occupied it in 1806; the Austrians seized it in 1807 and the Russians were again in possession in 1813. The unsuccessful insurrection of 1830 followed; and yet, in spite of these many vicissitudes, Warsaw had never suffered such devastation as it did in World War II, and the city was indeed almost completely destroyed during the last months of the struggle. Warsaw, in common with other towns in Poland, has now been largely rebuilt and though there are still

MODERN RUSSIAN-STYLE BUILDINGS AND RUINS: YEARS AFTER THE END OF WORLD WAR II.



(LEFT.)
REBUILT EXACTLY TO
RESEMBLE THE
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
HOUSES DESTROYED
IN WORLD
WAR II. SOME OF
THE RECONSTRUCTED
BUILDINGS IN THE OLD
MARKET SQUARE.

(RIGHT.)
WELL-DRILLED
PEDESTRIANS WAIT-
ING FOR THE LIGHTS
TO TURN GREEN: A
GROUP STANDING AT
THE JUNCTION OF
NEW WORLD STREET
AND JERUZOLIMSKIE
AVENUES.



ONE OF THE FIRST STREETS IN WARSAW TO BE REBUILT AFTER WORLD WAR II:
NEW WORLD STREET, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN RECONSTRUCTED IN ITS OLD FORM.



LOOKING DOWN MARSALKOWSKA STREET FROM THE SQUARE OF THE CONSTITUTION:
HANDSOME NEW BUILDINGS IN MODERN WARSAW.



ANCIENT AND MODERN IN WARSAW: IN THE FOREGROUND AN OLD-FASHIONED AND SHABBY HORSE-DRAWN CAR,
DRAWN BY A WEARY LOOKING OLD QUADRUPED, IS WAITING TO BE HIRED, AND IN THE BACKGROUND AN
UP-TO-DATE TRAFFIC CONTROL TOWER.

large areas of ruined houses and streets, it has re-emerged with many handsome streets, while the Old City has been most carefully reconstructed so as exactly to resemble the pre-World War II Warsaw. The work has been carried out with the bricks salvaged from the ruins, and the rebuilt houses in Old Market Square are copies of the original ones. But the rebuilt areas outside this central section have been constructed in accordance with modern Russian architectural taste. Buildings are solid, strong, and obviously designed to impress by their weight and importance. Traffic control in Warsaw is extremely strict, and pedestrians are not allowed to cross against the lights even if no vehicles are in sight. The Warszawa car shown in one photograph is the Polish version of the Russian Pobeda and is being built in Warsaw under licence from Moscow. The majority of our photographs show empty streets because they were taken about 11.30 on a week-day. Early in the morning thoroughfares are packed with people all going off to work.



ENJOYING THE SUMMER WEATHER: POLISH MEN AND GIRLS AND
CHILDREN FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF THE CONSTITUTION,
JUST AS LONDONERS DO IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



THANKS first to the extravagance and subsequent impecuniosity of Louis XIV's Government, which the King tried to cure by ordering the nobility to hand in their plate to be melted down, and, secondly, to the upheaval of 1789, early French silver is comparatively rare. There is far less of it in existence than there is of early English silver in this country and, of what has survived, it is probable that there is more in Russia and Portugal than in the whole of France. It was therefore not surprising that the Louvre should

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EARLY FRENCH SILVER CHANGES HANDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

however, that the buyer was Mr. Stavros Niarchos, the Greek shipowner, for whom Vickers-Armstrongs have recently built a tanker almost as big as the *Queen Elizabeth*, and that the transaction had been concluded in such a way that in due time all the Puiforcat silver would belong to the French nation. It is customary in the modern world, at any rate in certain quarters, to attribute base motives to almost any rich man, so I venture to cite this case as an example of a generous compromise by which an enthusiastic lover of art will be able to enjoy the use of a selection from these magnificent pieces during his lifetime, meanwhile ensuring their eventual safety in the Louvre. The Louvre valued the collection at rather more than £100,000. Of this great sum, the new owner has provided about 80 per cent., with the right to have on his table whatever pieces he requires during the lifetime of himself and his son; afterwards the whole will belong to the State absolutely. He has, in short, bought a leasehold interest only in the collection and has made it certain that it will not be dispersed. In due course the Louvre will possess an immensely valuable treasure for about one-fifth of its cost.

These few illustrations happen to be a purely personal choice from this great mass of material; they are not necessarily the most important pieces, but they do provide some idea of the quality of the collection and are sufficient to explain the exceptional interest taken in Paris when the news of the sale was announced. I was tempted to choose the earliest piece of all, a gold cup from the first half of the seventeenth century, chased and engraved, which once belonged to Anne of Austria and was handed down in the family of Anne Gabory, Lady-in-Waiting to both Marie de Medici and Anne of Austria, but this seemed rather too grand a cup for my purpose; I wanted fine things, but things which you or I, if we had the means, would like to use at our tables. One thing we should certainly want would be an *écuelle*, which is what we should call an entrée dish, but whose form with its two flat handles was never acclimatised on this side of the Channel; of several, Fig. 3 (Michel de Lapiere, Paris, 1750) seems to me singularly dignified, with pleasantly imaginative decorative detail; for example, the cover is surmounted by an artichoke rising out of its leaves, and the two ears or handles are chased with a design of celery leaves.

Of five noble soup tureens, two of which have artichokes as cover handles, I choose one from late in the eighteenth century (1795-1797). Fig. 4, to show how neo-classicism affected design in France, no less than elsewhere; while the two handles are formed by female heads crowned by laurels, the finial of the cover is a naturalistic head of maize on a more formal base of acanthus and palmettes, as if the maker, disciplined as he was by the classic conventions of the time, still remembered with pleasure

rose and an eglantine cast and chased upon a bed of leaves.

We are in England familiar with those monumental ewers in the shape of a helmet upside-down which were comparatively common at the end of the seventeenth and during the first half of the eighteenth century; many readers will no doubt be interested in the unusual variation on this theme provided by the ewer of Fig. 2, with its superb eagle-head handle, a design which would seem to hark back to a much earlier period. Amid all this magnificence I was particularly attracted by the group of workaday and utilitarian, little silver wine-tasters. Of the eight of its kind in this collection, the one made in the year 1750 is typically simple, but none the less the thumb-piece above the ring is engraved and pierced in the form of a *fleur de lis*. Like the majority of its brethren,



FIG. 1. FROM THE FAMOUS PUIFORCAT COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE FRENCH SILVER: A *VERSEUSE* MADE IN PARIS IN 1772. MR. DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THIS AND OTHER PIECES FROM THIS IMPORTANT COLLECTION IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.

be rather more than mildly interested when the Galerie Charpentier, in Paris, announced for December last the sale of the great collection belonging to the Puiforcat family, a collection which had been built up over many years, mainly by the late Louis-Victor Puiforcat, the head of a long-established firm of jewellers and silversmiths. There were nearly 400 separate items from the workshops of the great Paris silversmiths of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, together with a few important pieces from the



FIG. 2. A SILVER-PLATED EWER OF THE LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, FROM THE PUIFORCAT COLLECTION. THE COLLECTION WAS BOUGHT AS A WHOLE PRIOR TO AUCTION BY MR. STAVROS NIARCHOS, THE GREEK SHIPOWNER, AND IT IS ULTIMATELY TO BE PRESENTED TO THE LOUVRE.

it was a treasured personal possession and bears its owner's name, J. Renant. It is by a silversmith of the little town of Rambervilliers, near Epinal, in the Vosges. As each autumn came round cannot you see Monsieur Renant, serious and intent, going the rounds with this little wine-taster in his hand, making the most important decision of the year—what is the best of the vintage? I sometimes think that such minor trifles bring us closer to the past than all the



FIG. 3. ONE OF SEVERAL FINE *ÉCUELLES* IN THE PUIFORCAT COLLECTION. THIS PIECE WAS MADE IN PARIS BY MICHEL DE LAPIERRE IN 1750.

beginning of the nineteenth and various interesting examples by provincial makers, including several rare wine-tasters from the wine districts—those charming little cups which, to wine-growers, have an almost ritual significance.

The many in France who are interested in such matters regarded the almost inevitable dispersal of such rarities with alarm—an alarm which was not diminished by the sudden announcement that the auction was cancelled and that this notable collection had been bought privately. It soon transpired,

the freedom he enjoyed twenty years previously in choosing various vegetable shapes for decorative details—as well he might, for the silversmith, Antoine Boullier, who was responsible for this beautifully-balanced tureen, registered as a master in the guild in 1775. The *Verseuse* of Fig. 1 is a lovely example of the year 1772 (maker Joseph-Pierre-Jacques Duguay), with its subtle ribbed curves on body and cover, and showing yet again the genius of the age for delicate and imaginative detail, for the cover is surmounted (not too clear in the photograph) by a



FIG. 4. A MAGNIFICENT SILVER SOUP TUREEN MADE IN PARIS AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BY ANTOINE BOULLIER.

superb tableware in which this great collection is so rich.

I find I have said nothing of the forks and spoons and knives, of the travelling boxes with their bottles and boxes and toilet articles and writing materials, of the candlesticks, of the dishes, of the casters. No wonder the Louvre, in the national interest, cast covetous eyes upon rarities which would supplement in important particulars its own display of early silver, and it is pleasant to be able to record how, by so generous a gesture on the part of a single individual, its ambitions will be realised.

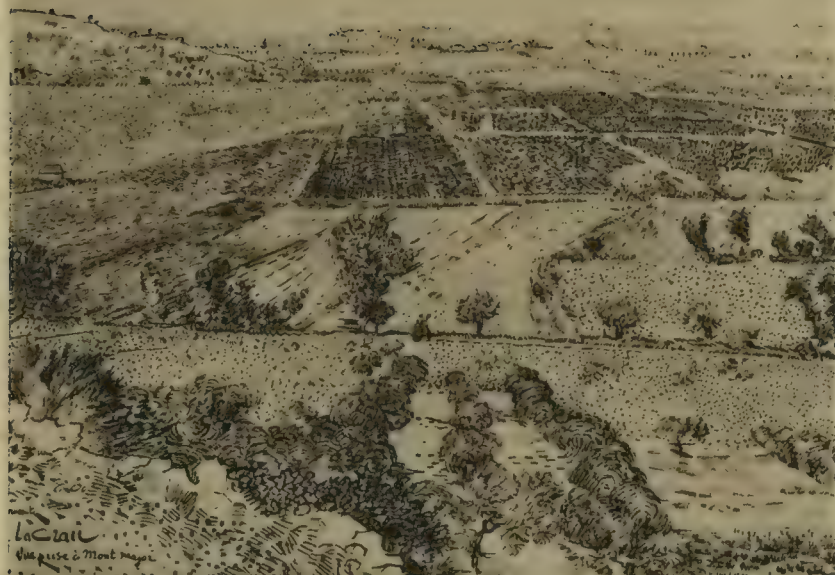
DRAWINGS BY VINCENT VAN GOGH: FROM AN ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITION TOURING IN THE NORTH.



(LEFT.) "HEAD OF A PEASANT WOMAN" WAS DRAWN BY VAN GOGH AT NEUNEN IN MARCH 1885, AS ONE OF THE MANY STUDIES MADE IN PREPARATION FOR "THE POTATO-EATERS."
(Black chalk; 15½ by 12½ ins.)

The six drawings on this page are selected from the exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Vincent Van Gogh (1853-1890) which has been arranged by the Arts Council. The exhibits come mainly from the collection of Mr. V. W. Van Gogh, the artist's nephew, and can be seen, after their most successful showing in Liverpool, at Manchester (December 17 to February 4) and at Newcastle from Feb. 11 to March 24.

(RIGHT.) "BOULEVARD DE CLICHY" WAS DRAWN IN THE WINTER OF 1886-87, WHEN VAN GOGH WAS IN PARIS, WHERE HE WAS STRONGLY INFLUENCED BY THE IMPRESSIONISTS.
(Pen and coloured chalks; 14½ by 20½ ins.)



"THE CRAU NEAR ARLES" WAS DRAWN IN MAY 1888 SOON AFTER VAN GOGH HAD MOVED FROM PARIS TO ARLES. (Reed pen and black ink; 18½ by 27½ ins.)



"PROVENÇAL FARMHOUSE" IS ANOTHER DRAWING DONE AT ARLES IN 1888. THIS DRAWING COMES FROM THE RIJKSMUSEUM, AMSTERDAM. (Pen; 14½ by 18½ ins.)



"GARDEN OF THE ASYLUM AT ARLES" DATES FROM APRIL OR MAY 1889, WHEN VAN GOGH WAS SUFFERING FROM INCREASING HALLUCINATIONS AFTER HIS DISASTROUS QUARREL WITH HIS FELLOW-ARTIST, PAUL GAUGUIN. (Sepia; 17½ by 23 ins.)



"HOUSES AND A GARDEN WITH VINES" IS AMONG THE MOST FORCEFUL DRAWINGS DONE AT AUVERS-SUR-OISE, WHERE VAN GOGH SPENT HIS LAST MONTHS FROM MAY TO JULY 1890. (Charcoal, water-colour and oil paint on paper; 17 by 21½ ins.)

Vincent Van Gogh was already twenty-seven years old when he began to draw seriously in 1880, and it was only ten years later that he died. Despite this he had achieved one of the most striking developments among modern artists—a development which is superbly illustrated in the collection of the artist's nephew, Mr. V. W. Van Gogh, and of which the six drawings reproduced above give some idea. Until 1886 Van Gogh remained in Holland struggling to master the technical difficulties facing the artist, especially the problem of colour. The masterpiece of this early period is the famous "Potato-Eaters," which is included in this exhibition together with the first drawing shown above, which was one of many studies for it. Early in 1886 Van Gogh moved to Paris, where he stayed with his devoted brother, Theo. Here he found inspiration in the work of the

Impressionists, which is clearly reflected in the "Boulevard de Clichy." In February 1888 Van Gogh moved to Arles, in the Provence, and his rapid progress may be seen in the three drawings of the Arles period which are shown here. It was after the disastrous quarrel with his intimate friend, Gauguin, that Van Gogh first went into an asylum, and the violent composition of the "Garden of the Asylum at Arles" shows the increasing turmoil of his mind. After a period in the asylum at St. Remy he became the patient of Dr. Gachet at Auvers-sur-Oise in May 1890. Here he drew the most forceful "Houses and a Garden with Vines," a subject which he also painted on canvas. This was in June 1890. At the end of July he died as the result of a self-inflicted revolver wound. Theo died only six months later, and was buried beside his brother at Auvers.



NEW YORK AT NIGHT: FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA BUILDING WITH THE U.N. BUILDING (LEFT) AND (RIGHT) THE CHRYSLER BUILDING.



MANHATTAN FROM THE BOROUGH OF QUEEN'S: LOOKING ACROSS EAST RIVER WITH THE U.N. BUILDING (CENTRE) FLANKED BY THE CHRYSLER BUILDING (RIGHT).

BRIGHT NIGHT IN NEW YORK: THE GLITTERING CITY WITH THE HIGH, RECTANGULAR UNITED NATIONS BUILDING PROMINENT ON THE SKY-LINE LIKE A MODERN JEWEL SET WITH BAGUETTE-CUT DIAMONDS.

The celebrated sky-line of New York has been lent additional dramatic beauty by the thirty-nine-storey rectangular United Nations building on East side. Our upper photograph, taken from the observation tower of the Radio Corporation of America building in Radio City, shows East River and the distant lights of

Long Island; and the lower one gives the view from the Borough of Queen's, looking across East River to Manhattan. The brilliant illumination lends a gem-like quality to the buildings, and the shapes of the lighted windows in the United Nations building recall the baguette-cut diamonds used by modern jewellers.



ONCE THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF A LITTLE SUFFOLK TOWN, WHERE MERCHANTS AND CLOTH MAKERS BARGAINED: THE WOOL HALL, LAVENHAM, A FINE EXAMPLE OF TUDOR VILLAGE ARCHITECTURE, AND A REMINDER THAT SUFFOLK AND ENGLAND OWED THEIR ANCIENT PROSPERITY TO THE WOOL TRADE.



UNMISTAKABLY TUDOR IN THEIR TIMBERING, MULLIONED WINDOWS, GABLES, STEEP ROOF AND GREAT CHIMNEY: OLD HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF KERSEY, SUFFOLK, CLAIMED BY MANY TO BE THE LOVELIEST VILLAGE IN THAT COUNTY. ITS SINGLE STREET DESCENDS SHARPLY AT BOTH ENDS TO A WATER-SPLASH.

STUDIES IN PLASTER AND TIMBER: TUDOR BUILDINGS OF HISTORIC BEAUTY IN SUFFOLK.

The county of Suffolk is especially rich in Tudor architecture, and of all its villages and small towns there is none so full of genuine sixteenth-century half-timbered houses as Lavenham. The prosperity of Lavenham, as of so many Suffolk towns, rested upon the wool trade, and the extent of this prosperity may be gathered from the number of fine houses and halls to be seen there, most of them half-timbered with pink-tinted plaster-work. The church is a beauty, and this, too, was built largely from the profits of wool, as was the Guildhall, a particularly fine example of the village architecture of its day. Not far from the Guildhall is the Wool Hall, shown in the painting at the top of this page. This was the business centre of the little town, where merchants, cloth makers, and others engaged in the trade that was to make Suffolk rich and England great, met to discuss prices and quality and, doubtless, to bemoan the mounting taxes which lynx-eyed Crown officials were levying upon them. The interior of the Wool Hall is as lavishly timbered as the outside. Before the First World

War, it was actually taken down and removed from Lavenham, but there arose such a strong movement for its recovery that it was eventually repurchased and erected again on its original site. It is now in use as a convalescent home. Within a very few miles of Lavenham is the village of Kersey, believed by many to be the loveliest village in Suffolk. Its single street, with its huddle of beautiful and ornate timbered houses, is crowned at one end by a fine old church and at the other by the houses shown in the lower painting on this page—unmistakably Tudor in their timbering, their gables, their mullioned windows, their steep roof and their great chimney. Both ends of the street plunge down to a water-splash. Reached only by a side road and encompassed by superb country, this small village may be said to represent all that is best in the English country scene, combining as it does fascinating historic associations, architectural and natural beauty, and that touch of eccentricity in its arrangement which gives character to what might otherwise be a mere showpiece.

Reproduced from water-colour drawings by Horace Wright.



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GATEHOUSE TO A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE: THE GATEHOUSE, STOKESAY, SHROPSHIRE, ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF HALF-TIMBERING IN THE COUNTRY. THE BARGE BOARDS, BRACKETS AND PILASTERS ARE FANTASTICALLY CARVED TO REPRESENT SCENES FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN.



TUDOR HOUSES IN A BEAUTIFULLY-PRESERVED WILTSHIRE VILLAGE: A CORNER OF LACOCK, NEAR CHIPPENHAM, WHERE BUILDINGS OF MANY PERIODS AND STYLES ACHIEVE A DELIGHTFUL HOMOGENEITY. LIKE MANY OTHER ENGLISH VILLAGES, IT ONCE POSSESSED A THRIVING COTTAGE INDUSTRY BASED ON WOOL.

A GATEHOUSE AND A VILLAGE CORNER: HALF-TIMBERED BUILDINGS FROM TWO COUNTIES.

Half-timbered buildings were always an important feature in the architecture of early Britain. They consisted of a complete timber framework, built as a separate unit, with the intermediary spaces filled in with wattle and daub, lath and plaster, or brickwork, according to local fancy or custom. They reached their zenith in the reign of Elizabeth I, when the pattern and design became extremely intricate and varied. However, the decline of this method of construction was quite rapid once the fire-resisting qualities of stone and brick were generally appreciated. One of the finest examples of half-timbering left in the country is the Gatehouse of Stokesay Castle, a few hundred yards from the main Shrewsbury to Hereford Road. The castle itself is of thirteenth-century origin, but the gatehouse, with its fantastic carvings of figures and foliage representing scenes in the Garden of Eden, is a later Elizabethan addition. Set among the rolling hills of Shropshire, this curious juxtaposition of conflicting architectural styles is irresistible to the visitor with an affection for the quaint and the picturesque, whatever the purist may think of it. Our water-colour

drawing of the gatehouse, at the top of this page, shows the view from the castle. More modest altogether, and far more homogeneous, is the village of Lacock, in Wiltshire. It offers one of those rare combinations of half-timbering and Cotswold stone, and is in an excellent state of preservation. It possesses a fine fourteenth-century tithe barn, an interesting church and some charming Tudor streets, a corner of one of which is illustrated above. The air of solid and assured well-being in the arrangement of this village is probably due to its ancient prosperity—founded, as with the two Suffolk villages illustrated on another page—on the wool trade. During the sixteenth century in particular, the manufacture of woollen cloth was an established cottage industry in the area, and the importance of this activity was reflected in the number of new buildings erected at that time. Lacock, a gem of rural England, is hidden amidst the Wiltshire countryside, and its undisturbed serenity will doubtless be preserved to gladden those fortunate enough to encounter it for many years to come.

Reproductions of water-colour drawings by Horace Wright.



WATCHED BY AN EAGER AUDIENCE : BRITAIN DEFEATING THE U.S. IN A FOUR-DAY BRIDGE MATCH IN LONDON.

A four-day Anglo-American contract bridge match between a selected British team and the American championship team was held in London, in Selfridge's Store in Oxford Street, from January 16 to 19. The contest was held under the auspices of the British Bridge League, and the teams played 100 hands before a large audience. After each deal had been played in one room the spectators were able to hear the other four players, who were enclosed in a kind of glass aquarium (left of photograph), bid the same hands, which were displayed on the wall of the exhibition hall. The hands were reversed between the opposing teams so that

each side had exactly the same chance. A commentary on the bidding and play was given by Mr. Harold Franklin and Mrs. A. L. Fleming. When the match ended on January 19 the British players had won by 79 international match points. Before the London contest the American team had been playing in Paris in the Contract Bridge World Championship in which they were defeated by France by 54 international match points. The teams playing in London were: Britain: Edward Mayer, L. Dodds, K. Konstam, T. Reese and B. Schapiro. America: S. M. Stayman, L. Hazen, D. Kahn, C. Solomon, M. Field and C. H. Goren.

ST. CLEMENT DANES: TO BE REBUILT AS THE CHURCH OF THE R.A.F.

STANDING on its island site in the Strand, the famous London church of St. Clement Danes has been a ruin since it was gutted by a German oil bomb on May 10, 1941. On January 19 the St. Clement Danes Church Royal Air Force Appeal was launched to aid the costs of the restoration, which has already begun. St. Clement Danes will be the central church of the Royal Air Force and will serve as a perpetual shrine of R.A.F. remembrance.

The drawings on this page are by T. F. White.

(RIGHT.) A VIEW OF JAMES GIBBS' MAGNIFICENT STEEPLE WHICH WAS ADDED TO ST. CLEMENT DANES IN 1719. THIS FAMOUS CHURCH IN THE STRAND WAS GUTTED IN MAY 1941 AND IS NOW BEING REBUILT AS THE CHURCH OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE.



AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF JAMES GIBBS' MASTERPIECE: THE INSIDE OF THE STEEPLE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES SEEN FROM THE FLOOR OF THE CHURCH.



SHOWING THE BAD CONDITION OF SOME OF THE MASONRY: THE WEST ENTRANCE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES AND THE VICAR'S VESTRY SEEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



FOR MANY YEARS THE HOME OF WEEDS AND BIRDS, BUT NOW BEING REBUILT: THE NAVE OF ST. CLEMENT DANES SEEN FROM THE WEST DOOR.

TO BE REBUILT AS THE CHURCH OF THE R.A.F.: THE LONDON CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.



AN APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED FOR THE RESTORATION AS THE R.A.F. MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES IN THE STRAND: THE BEAUTIFUL STEEPLE WHICH HOUSED THE FAMOUS BELLS AS NOW SEEN FROM THE ALTAR.



THE INTERIOR OF ST. CLEMENT DANES AS IT WILL APPEAR AFTER THE RESTORATION: FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWING OF THE R.A.F. CHURCH.

Work began almost a year ago on the restoration of the beautiful London Church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand. This famous church was gutted by fire in May 1941, and it was decided some time ago that after its restoration it would become the central church of the Royal Air Force, and that it should serve as a perpetual shrine of R.A.F. remembrance. On January 19, the St. Clement Danes Church Royal Air Force Appeal was launched, to which H.M. the Queen was the first subscriber. It is hoped that £125,000 will be raised to supplement the contributions by the War Damage Commission and the considerable sum bequeathed for the restoration of the church by Mrs. Pennington-Bickford, the widow of the

The drawings on this page, apart from the Architect's drawing, are by T. F. White.



THE BLOCKED-UP ENTRANCE TO THE CRYPT IN THE CHAMBER UNDER THE VESTRY. ST. CLEMENT DANES WAS BUILT BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN IN 1680-82.



SHOWING SIGNS OF THE WORK ALREADY IN PROGRESS: THE CRYPT OF ST. CLEMENT DANES. BEING CLEARED PRIOR TO ITS RESTORATION.

devoted rector of the church, who died a month after it was bombed. It is believed that there has been a church on this site since the days of Alfred the Great. A later mediæval church escaped destruction in the Great Fire of London in 1666, but fourteen years later it was replaced by the present church to the design of Sir Christopher Wren. The beautiful steeple was added in 1719 by James Gibbs. The church is to be restored to Wren's design and another famous feature of St. Clement Danes, the bells that rang "Oranges and Lemons," will also be replaced by similar bells. Donations to the fund should be sent to The Hon. Treasurer, St. Clement Danes (R.A.F.) Appeal Fund, Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 222, Strand, W.C.2.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



LAST November, a vixen, *Maxine*, was introduced into *Foxie's* pen. She is, like our dog-fox, hand-tame, and about his age. The introduction passed without any untoward incident. Indeed, far from showing animosity, *Foxie* grew wildly excited, rushing around the pen as the basket in which *Maxine* was transported was being brought towards his enclosure. The excitement on his part continued after he had gained his first sight of his new companion. *Maxine*, by contrast, appeared quite indifferent, which is probably explainable more by her sex than from being in strange surroundings. Gradually *Foxie's* excitement died down, and when his supper was taken into him he attacked his food with concentration as if the nearest vixen were a hundred miles away.



ONE OF THE FOXES' GAMES WHICH, THOUGH LEAST OFTEN SEEN, IS THE MOST SPECTACULAR: *FOXIE* AND *MAXINE* STANDING ON THEIR HIND FEET WITH THEIR FOREPAWS ON EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS. THIS POSITION IS HELD FOR ONLY A BRIEF MOMENT, BUT THE MOVEMENT OF THE FEET, WHICH MAY BE FORTUITOUS, GIVES THE WHOLE THE APPEARANCE OF A BRIEF SHUFFLING DANCE. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

So far as we are aware, the first excitement died down completely after the initial meeting and was not renewed for several days. What we did find was that *Foxie* continued to sleep in his earth while the vixen slept outside in the open. The second morning after her arrival the two were out in the pen, he with his fur sleek, she with her fur frosted from exposure the previous night. On the third day, the vixen took to slipping quickly into the earth when the dog-fox came out for exercise, and by the end of the week they were sharing the earth. From this time on the friendship developed slowly until, about a fortnight later, they were seen playing together in a sustained and energetic manner. My daughter saw this first, her attention having been caught by noises such as jackdaws make. She went towards the pen and found the two foxes standing up facing each other. The moment she appeared, however, they jumped apart. She waited quietly. The vixen ran back and forth across a log. *Foxie* went to sit in a corner of the pen. After a while he started digging over the straw covering the floor of the pen, running from one place to another with his ears laid back, and making a clacking bark recalling the voice of a jackdaw. In her notes, made at the time, my daughter remarked that a jackdaw flew over at that moment, so that she could confirm how similar the noises were.

Following the digging and running about, *Foxie* ran over to where *Maxine* stood on the log and they started a mock battle, each with the mouth wide open. Then suddenly both stood upright facing each other, with their paws on each other's shoulders, and for five or six seconds moved the feet in a shuffling dance. The jackdaw-like bark was heard throughout this time. A few minutes later *Foxie* started again to dig in the straw and run hither and thither, again they sparred with open mouths, and again stood on their hind legs with paws on shoulders. They have done this a number of times since and the pattern is always the same. There is always the digging and running by the dog-fox, the sparring with open mouths leading to the standing on the hind legs. This attitude of

FOXES' TRYST.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

embrace seems therefore to be not an accidental pose, but the culmination of a set pattern of behaviour.

Since that day, and for a number of weeks now, there have been many occasions when the two foxes have played together. It is almost a daily event, except that heavy and continuous rain tends to inhibit it. On no occasion has it been so vigorous and sustained as on that first occasion. Then they ran through all their tricks and repeated them. Since, they have repeated one or more, but seldom all together and with so many repetitions. The tricks, as I have called them, include the dog-fox running vigorously round the vixen while she lunges at him with open mouth, the "King of the Castle" game with one standing on a log and the other rushing round, while both spar at intervals with open mouths, a quieter game in which, with open mouths, they slowly turn their heads from side to side, and the "embrace" already described. There are times, also, when the dog drags the vixen over the ground by her scruff.

There is little doubt that the initiative is held almost entirely by the dog-fox. He it is that usually starts the playing; certainly he shows the greater vigour or takes on the more energetic rôle. Sometimes he seems to find it necessary to bully the vixen into taking part. One afternoon, for example, the two were lying curled up in opposite corners of the pen. *Foxie* began to play with a strip of felt, given him

This time the vixen was calling, with a kind of whine.

Foxie now seized *Maxine* by the scruff of the neck and tried to haul her on to her feet. She made no response as he tried several times to pull her up by the scruff or the fur of her flanks. He then pushed his nose under her head, pounced at her and nipped her paws with his teeth. She continued to lie on the ground with what may best be described as a languid expression. Finally, he pawed her face several times and took one of her ears in his mouth to pull her along. She gave a small cry of pain, jumped up and rushed on to her log. *Foxie* fairly hurled himself round and round, rushing at her and dashing away again as *Maxine* countered his rushes with wide-open mouth, making a low, guttural grunt each time she lunged at him. They played this "King of the Castle" for about five minutes. At the end of the time play suddenly ceased. *Maxine* went over and curled herself up tightly in her corner. *Foxie*, after sniffing around for a while, aimlessly investigating objects lying on the ground, followed her example in the opposite corner.

There is, for me, a great satisfaction in setting these events on record. On this page on September 24, 1955, I recorded a story sent me by a reader in the Netherlands. He told of seeing a terrier and a tame fox dancing to the tune of a flute in exactly the way described here for our two tame foxes. I am aware that some who read that story treated it with scepticism. After what I have seen I feel convinced that to train a pair of foxes, or a fox and a dog, to do this trick would be relatively easy for anyone



ENJOYING A FAVOURITE GAME WHICH HAS BECOME KNOWN AS "KING OF THE CASTLE": THE DOG-FOX AND VIXEN AT PLAY. IN THIS GAME EITHER *FOXIE* OR *MAXINE* TAKES UP A POSITION ON THE LOG, OR SOME OTHER POINT OF VANTAGE, WHILE THE OTHER RACES AROUND, OCCASIONALLY MAKING A FEINT UPWARDS AS IF TO DRIVE THE OTHER FROM ITS LOFTY POSITION. THERE IS, HOWEVER, NEVER ANY QUESTION OF ACTUAL FIGHTING OR INTENT TO INJURE.

for that purpose. He worried it energetically, occasionally leaving it to rush over and pounce on the recumbent *Maxine*. Then he would take several turns round the pen at full speed, pounce on the felt again and shake it vigorously. He went back to *Maxine* again and they greeted each other with open mouths, *Maxine* still lying down. First, *Foxie* put his head on one side while *Maxine* held hers upright, so that the mouths were almost interlocking. If one moved its head, so did the other, in the same time and direction, keeping the mouths in the same relative position.

possessing the necessary patience and sympathy. I know now that it is a natural trick between foxes. I am told that dogs will sometimes do the same, although I have never seen it. There is, in the play between foxes, so much that recalls similar play between dogs that I would be prepared to accept the statement. There is, for example, another action we have noted in the foxes. The dog-fox will stand in front of the vixen and throw his hindquarters several times sideways at her head and then turn and face her. A dog will do the same with a bitch.



INSIDE A FABULOUS RAILWAY COACH: THE 23-FT.-LONG OBSERVATION-DRAWING-ROOM IN VIRGINIA CITY, WHICH HAS A "VENETIAN RENAISSANCE" DECOR.



SEATING EIGHT IN THE GREATEST COMFORT: THE INTERIOR OF THE DINING-CAR, WHICH IS ADJACENT TO A COMPLETELY MODERN GALLEY.

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN FAIRY-TALE STYLE: VIRGINIA CITY, A PRIVATE U.S. RAILWAY COACH.

What must be one of the most fabulous railway coaches in the world is jointly owned by Mr. Charles Clegg and Mr. Lucius Beebe, the owners of the Virginia City newspaper *Territorial Enterprise*. This coach, which was recently refitted, is one of the small handful of privately-owned railway coaches now operating in the United States. It is called *Virginia City* and can be carried at the end of any passenger train in the United States. The coach consists of an observation-drawing-room, with a "Venetian Renaissance" décor by Robert Hanley Inc., of Hollywood; three master bedrooms, each with its own toilet and washroom facilities; a dining-room; a modern galley with a 50-bottle

wine cellar, and, beyond, a state-room for a crew of two. Between two of the bedrooms is a Turkish bath, and each room is wired for continuous music. The coach was built by the Pullman Standard Co. of Chicago, and before being purchased by Mr. Clegg and Mr. Beebe saw service as an observation-room coach on the Great Northern Railroad. Throughout the coach all the decorations are of 14-ct. gold leaf; the painted ceilings were copied from those in the Sistine Chapel in Rome; the dining-car's gold-vein diamond-paned mirrors were manufactured especially for the coach in Italy; and the gold-plated lighting fixtures all came from France.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WE start this week, again, by dipping into the past, though here a comparatively recent past; and of course that implies another work from abroad. But with a special circumstance: it is not often that a story can claim to be reviewed simply for the translation. Rosamund Lehmann's "Children of the Game," by Jean Cocteau (Harvill; 12s. 6d.), flourishes such a superb compliment from the author that one would have to notice it, if only on that account. I will come clean, and admit that I had never read "Les Enfants Terribles"; so of course I can have nothing to say about the fidelity of this version. But its title proves to be quite as apposite as the untranslatable French, and later, one has no impression of missing anything. Since the story is more than half prose poem, this is already saying a great deal.

Here is an outline, for the benefit of my fellow-ignorant. Elisabeth and Paul are sister and brother. They are of "extraordinary beauty"—pure, primitive, untouchable: a couple of savage Peter Pans, a single being, split into two and generally fighting like wildcats. Together they have scooped out a magic vacuum in reality—a pocket of furiously intense make-believe. Yet there is a difference between them. Elisabeth, the elder and more terrible, is wholly concentrated on Paul, while Paul worships a tough schoolboy named Dargelos. But then comes the afternoon of the snow-fight. Paul has a weak chest; Dargelos hurls a snowball at him; and Elisabeth regains full possession. For years he is confined to the Room, their magic Everywhere. In these becalmed years, they have one satellite—a boy called Gérard, who adores Paul, as Paul adored Dargelos; and at the end of them, all three are grown up. Gérard has transferred his heart to Elisabeth. Elisabeth takes a job to annoy Paul. She makes friends with a girl. She even marries—but her young plutocrat is fey, he is a dream, he is a mere expedient for a change of décor. For now the climax is looming up. Agatha, Elisabeth's girl comrade, has a look of Dargelos. The sister is already in peril; and her "Arachne night"—the night of discovery and of inspired, callous, reiterated deceit—will need a more ample and atmospheric *mise en scène*, with more scope for sweeping along corridors, and up and down stairs, than the confined precincts of the Room.

This is a wonderfully effective moment. So is its pendant, the hour of nemesis and union in death. Only, they are not drama but pantomime; we see Elisabeth gliding about in a white wrap, we see her lips moving—but it is all dumb-show. Indeed, the whole story has this pantomime quality. I don't mean that the "Children" never say anything, but it would be far better if they didn't. They have no glamour; it is a magic-lantern glamour, which fades when they try to come out as human beings. Unless the English is improbably weak on this side. . . . On the vital, phantasmagoric side, it has great beauty, with perhaps an over-tendency to blank verse. For instance: "Deaf to the beat beat of the turning wheels, / To the demented shrieking of the engine, / Blind to the smoke's wild mane that flew above them, / She sat, this girl, intent upon her brother. . . ."

OTHER FICTION.

"Winter in the Air," by Sylvia Townsend Warner (Chatto and Windus; 13s. 6d.), would have made one very slim but homogeneous little book, and a larger collection of bits and pieces. Though there might be some wrangling over the little one, with its theme of time past, of opportunity lost, of nevermore. Exactly how much should it include? Of course, the title-story—about a wife thrust out of her marriage to begin a second spinsterhood, and finding an ironic identity between "the flat of now" and "the flat of then." And "Hee-Haw," in which it was the wife who walked out, and it bursts on her after thirty years that she has made an ass of herself. And "Idenborough," in which the divine gift has been reduced to such a nothing that the only remaining fidelity is not to speak of it. And "A Priestess of Delphi," which is not a love-story, but opens with incidental murder, and turns on the folly of ceasing to make an ass of oneself. These are the undoubted "winter" tales. Yet they are all different; the author has no groove, and never echoes herself. Thus, the title-story has a subdued, straightforward poignancy; in "Idenborough," it would be cheating to say what happens—though almost nothing happens; while the "Priestess" is half-way between winter and eccentricity. "Absolom, My Son" is eccentric, poignant and a little wintry—and perhaps for writers only. Then there are the full-blown grotesques: oddities about monkey-love, or homicidal mania, or the Evil Eye. . . . But the macabre stories, and even those with a lot of action, are my least favourite. Miss Warner can afford to be simple and sentimental, for she never is. And she combines professional mastery, and a gift of detailed surprise, with a curious, amateur effect of standing apart.

"Unknown Assailant," by Patrick Hamilton (Constable; 11s. 6d.), resumes the saga of Ernest Ralph Gorse, that shoddy-genteel monster, who is working his way through a series of petty swindles to (presumably) a bad end. Frankly, the Gorse saga has not been such a good idea as it may have looked. Its "hero" is nasty enough in all conscience; but he is a depressingly fixed character, and his career seems to have as little acceleration as a fly in a gluepot. This time, as the Honourable Gerald Claridge, he attaches himself to a barmaid of almost idiot simplicity, swindles a couple of hundred out of her father, robs Ivy of her savings (which she was quite prepared to give up) and makes a superfluously horrid getaway. It is well done, of course; and once—when Ivy has a fleeting intuition of something wrong—it scores a bull's-eye. But it is a thin little episode, heavily padded with moral showmanship. "Unlucky for Some," by Arthur Behrend (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 12s. 6d.), features the professional underworld. A group of assorted crooks have been thrown together by war service and a turn for music. After the war they are reintegrated by the Drummer (whose trade is burglary) as a Liverpool street band, and . . . The underworld types could not be more convincing; nor could the blend of organisation, human foolishness and sheer accident. On top of which, we get a brilliant suspense-story, in a very matey, personal style.

CHESS NOTES.

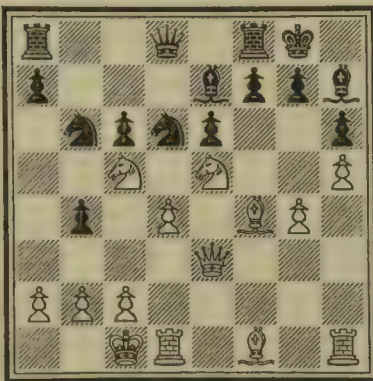
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT must be five years or more since I mentioned, in these Notes, the efforts of E. J. Diemer in Germany to re-establish the discredited Blackmar Gambit, 1. P-Q4, P-Q4; 2. P-K4?!. Despite the lapse of time, letters still trickle in from distant corners of the world testifying to the interest this group of articles aroused.

In experimenting with the Blackmar myself, mainly in simultaneous displays, I have been confronted, disconcertingly often, by 2. . . . P-QB3, a move well calculated to deflate any gambiteer, as it converts the gayest of openings into (*pace* Golombek, who loves it!) one of the duller—the Caro Kann.

Diemer recently issued an open challenge to German chess-players at correspondence play, each game to open with a Blackmar gambit. Forty opponents came forward and—largely because they accepted the Blackmar challenge instead of neatly side-stepping like this—are being mown down like ninepins. Not a half-point has Diemer conceded yet. Fantastic play has been witnessed. Here is an example:

DIEMER	KUNTZ	DIEMER	KUNTZ
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	10. Q-K3	Castles
2. P-K4	P×P	11. P-KKt4	B-Kt3
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	12. Kt-B3	P-Kt4
4. P-B3	B-B3	13. P-KR4	P-Kt5
5. P×P	Kt×P	14. Kt-R4	P-KR3
6. Q-B3	Kt-Q3	15. P-R5	B-R2
7. B-KB4	P-K3	16. Kt-B5	QKt-Q2
8. Castles	P-QB3	17. Kt-K5	Kt-Kt3
9. P-KR3	B-K2		



An imaginative idea which just fails, on the old principle that, in a chess dog-fight when capture follows capture, he who captures first usually comes out best in the end.

18. Kt×QB Kt-Q4

Hoping for 18. Kt×Q, Kt×Q, with a reasonable game.

19. Q-K5 B-Kt4!?

Another ingenious reply. Now after 20. Kt×Q, Black would win back the queen by 20. . . . B×Bch. Once again, however, White refuses to oblige.

20. Kt×KP B×Bch

21. Kt×B R-B1

Black deserves more for his persistence. For the third time, he leaves his queen *en prise*; each time, compensation for her loss would have come in an entirely different way. This time, he had planned to answer 22. Kt×Q by 22. . . . R×Pch; 23. K-Kt3, R-K7 dis ch, followed by 24. . . . R×Q. Realising, however, that White would finish a whole rook to the good after 24. K-R3, R×Q; 25. P×R, R×Kt; 26. R×Kt (or if 25. . . . Kt×Kt; 26. R×Kt), without waiting for White's reply, Black resigned.

FROM "NEGLECTED SAINTS" TO "LA GRANDE MADemoiselle."

A BOOK which has given me much pleasure is "Neglected Saints," by E. I. Watkin (Sheed and Ward; 12s. 6d.). Hagiology—and still less hagiography—is not greatly in fashion in these pagan days. Indeed the class which has most use for minor saints are preparatory school headmasters looking for a name for a new school. I doubt if even Mr. Watkin could give their correct place in the calendar to some of the holy men who, in my youth, lent the mantle of their sanctity to the 200 odd schools which existed in Eastbourne alone at that time. Who, for example, could tell you off-hand who St. Cyprian was, when he lived and how he died? All I can myself now remember of him was that he was a coloured gentleman whose see was near Carthage and who (in my then opinion, for I disliked the establishment that took its name from him) was quite properly done to death by some local secular potentate in about the fourth or fifth century A.D. In this new book Mr. Watkin sets out to rescue some half-dozen saints from unmerited oblivion.

There is St. Martin of Tours, regarded as the pattern of the soldier-saint because of the incident of the cloak but who was, in fact, as Mr. Watkin points out, a pacifist who was lucky—unlike a contemporary Gallic saint, St. Victorius, who was condemned to death as a deserter for it—to be allowed to resign his commission on the eve of battle. There is early mediæval St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians; there are virtually unknown saints like Blessed Osanna of Mantua and Blessed Jordan of Saxony; but the saint for whom he quite clearly has the greatest affection, and to whom he devotes a very large part of the book, is our own St. Hugh of Lincoln. I agree with Mr. Watkin. St. Hugh is one of the most attractive saints in the calendar. For one thing he loved children and for another he was quite fearless in his condemnation of wrongdoers, however highly placed they might be. An early mediæval saint like St. Hugh had to be tough, and in his conflict with Henry II and Richard I, St. Hugh showed himself to be very tough indeed. On one occasion, Henry was so angry with him that he ordered him to meet him at Woodstock. "He gathered his courtiers, magnates of the realm, round him in a glade near the palace, and they sat down in a circle. No one, were the King's orders, was to make room for the Bishop or return his greeting. Hugh arrived, greeted the King and his lords. No one took any notice. Stony silence. He came closer and shouldered his way into the circle, thrusting himself between the King and the nearest baron. The silence continued. To relieve the tension the King asked for a needle and thread and began to sew a rag round a finger he had cut. Hugh broke the silence. Turning to Henry, he said: 'You remind me now of your ancestress at Falaise.'" This audacious sally—audacious as it referred to the humble peasant girl who became the mother of William the Conqueror, without benefit of clergy, set the King rolling on the ground with roars of laughter. When St. Hugh died, among the thousands who mourned him were the Jews of his diocese of Lincoln whom he had protected from the ignorant but furious persecution which was their lot in mediæval England. Yes, undoubtedly the most attractive of Mr. Watkin's admirable collection of saints. The book, of course, while adorning the tale points the moral, but to discover it you must read it for yourself.

For the first few pages of "The Marching Wind," by Leonard Clark (Hutchinson; 21s.), I was not sure whether I was going to take a liking to the book or to the author. Mr. Clark has a style which reminds me of the script of a film I saw many years ago: "Trader Horn," where the hero is perpetually making remarks such as: "thems gnus boys—thems mighty dangerous," and his repetition of Tibetan words with their English translations might have come straight out of "Beachcomber." I also got a little tired of being reminded so frequently of his wartime service with O.S.S.—the American equivalent of S.O.E.—and of the anti-British note which often creeps into his narrative. However, this is the full extent of my criticism and, in fact, I found it extremely difficult to put this exciting book down. It is the story of the expedition led by the author at the very end of the Nationalist Chinese resistance to the Communists to find and measure Anne Machin, the gigantic mountain in Tibet, which airmen and a very few travellers had rumoured to exist.

If Mr. Clark's observations are correct, then Mount Everest's claim to be the highest mountain in the world is outstripped by fully 500 ft. It is no disparagement of what in any event is a remarkable piece of geographical surveying to say that the objective of the expedition is almost incidental to the interest of the book. But it is so. For me its interest lies in the vivid and exciting story of one of the greatest adventures of modern times. Other explorers have had to cope with intense cold and great hardship; few, however, have carried out a geographical survey which entailed a running fight with guerillas and bandits every mile of the many hundred miles of their journey.

As Mr. Clark says, there are very few parts of the world which still represent a challenge to the modern explorer. Until fifty years ago this was very far from being the case, and in the eighteenth century more than two-thirds of the world was still to be explored. The members of the crew of the *Dolphin* which sailed from Plymouth Sound under Captain Samuel Wallis in 1766 had no idea what lay over the Pacific horizon at the end of another day's sailing. Their adventures are admirably described in "Voyage to the Amorous Islands," by Newton A. Rowe (Deutsch; 21s.). This is the story of the discovery of Tahiti and reconstructed from the journals of Captain Wallis and his officers. Mr. Rowe is so successful in his reconstruction that you almost feel that he is enrolling you as part of the ship's muster. It is a charming and exciting account of a delightful and unspoiled people in a paradisaical setting.

There was nothing paradisaical in the life of Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orleans, the unhappy heroine of "La Grande Mademoiselle," by Francis Steegmuller (Hamilton; 21s.), and the cousin of Louis XIV. For all that she was handsome, highborn and the richest woman in France, she never found happiness. Her life, with its pathetic last love-affair, is admirably told in this lively piece of reconstruction.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

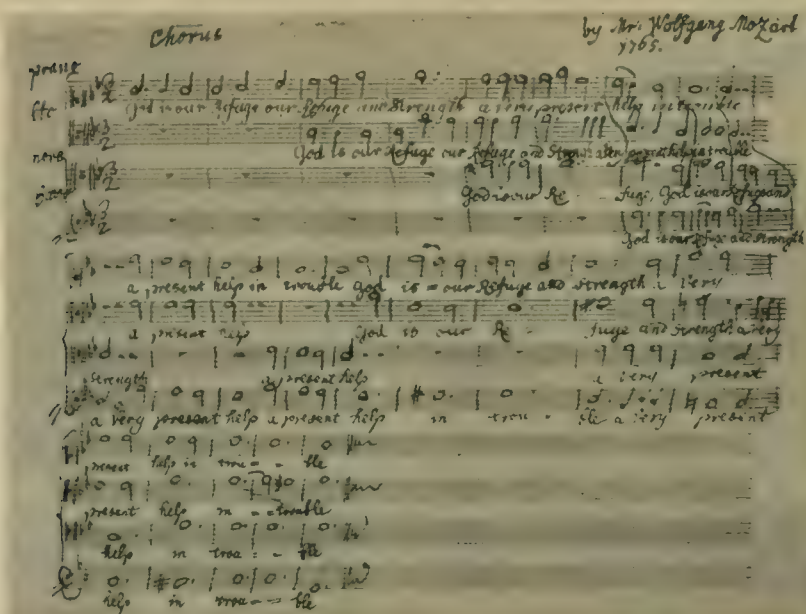


KIMONOS IN THE CLOUDS: INSTRUCTING JAPANESE GIRLS IN THE ARTS AND DUTIES OF AN AIR HOSTESS ON B.O.A.C. ROUTES.

If a kimono in an aircraft seems incongruous at first encounter, custom will soon give its authority to the union. For the pretty Japanese girl shown in our photograph taking lessons on serving meals to "passengers" (fellow students and instructors at the B.O.A.C. Catering Training School) is one of five recruited by B.O.A.C. to serve as air hostesses on Far Eastern routes where their knowledge

of Oriental languages will be valuable. They all speak English, and among the other qualifications acquired during a month's course at Sunningdale are first-aid and the ability to act wisely during a flight emergency. The nature of their uniform presents a special problem, but it is thought that they will retain some sort of kimono, with a suitable badge. Eight Chinese girls have also been engaged.

THE MOZART BICENTENARY: CELEBRATING A GREAT COMPOSER'S BIRTH.



THE EARLIEST OF MANY INTERESTING MOZART MANUSCRIPTS TO BE SEEN AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM MOZART BICENTENARY EXHIBITION: THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE MOTET "GOD IS OUR REFUGE," WHICH MOZART PRESENTED TO THE MUSEUM IN JULY 1765.
(Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



IN THE MOZART MEMORIAL GARDEN OVERLOOKING
SALZBURG, THE GREAT COMPOSER'S BIRTH-PLACE: THE
WOODEN COTTAGE WHERE HE COMPLETED "THE MAGIC
FLUTE" IN 1791, WHICH WAS BROUGHT HERE IN 1874.



WHERE WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART WAS BORN 200 YEARS AGO, ON JANUARY 27, 1756: NO. 9, GETREIDEGASSE, IN SALZBURG, SEEN FROM THE UNIVERSITÄTSPLATZ. THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE "MOZART'S GEBURTSHAUS" ARE ARRANGED AS A MUSEUM.



(ABOVE.)
AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT OF
MOZART PAINTED IN 1782-83, SOON
AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, BY JOSEPH
LANGE, HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.



ONE OF THE HOUSES IN LONDON WHERE MOZART STAYED
IN 1764, WHEN HE WAS EIGHT AND COMPOSED HIS FIRST
SYMPHONIES: NO. 180, EBURY STREET, IN PIMLICO.
LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HAVE PLACED A COMMEMOR-
ATIVE PLAQUE ON THIS HOUSE.



ANOTHER COMMEMORATIVE STAMP; THE 10 PF. STAMP ISSUED BY THE WEST GERMAN
POST OFFICE TO MARK THE MOZART BICENTENARY. COLOURED BLACK AND LILAC,
IT IS ON SALE FROM JANUARY 27.



SHOWING THE MOZART MEMORIAL IN VIENNA ; THE
OBVERSE OF THE SPECIAL AUSTRIAN COIN STRUCK
TO MARK THIS MOZART ANNIVERSARY.



THE REVERSE OF THE AUSTRIAN SILVER 25 SCHILLING COIN (WORTH ABOUT 7S.), WHICH HAS BEEN STRUCK TO MARK THIS MOZART YEAR.

January 27 marks the 200th anniversary of the birth of the great Austrian composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. This event is being celebrated throughout the civilised world. Salzburg, the city of Mozart's birth, has long been a centre of pilgrimage for admirers of this remarkable composer. This year there are, of course, special celebrations and an even greater number of visitors than usual is expected at the house where Mozart was born, part of which is arranged as a museum. Mozart was only eight years old when he first visited London. In 1764, together with his sister, Maria Anna, he was brought here by his father, Leopold, during a concert tour of Europe. The children gave a series of concerts and made an

extraordinary impression. One of the last visits which the Mozart family paid before leaving London at the end of July 1765, was to the British Museum, which had been opened some six years earlier. To mark this visit the Mozarts made a presentation to the museum, including the autograph of the motet "God is our Refuge," which Wolfgang had composed while in London. It is fitting that the bicentenary of Mozart's birth should be marked by a most interesting exhibition at the British Museum, which consists of some 250 items drawn from the museum's collection. This exhibition continues until March 31, and an informative illustrated guide has also been published to mark the occasion.



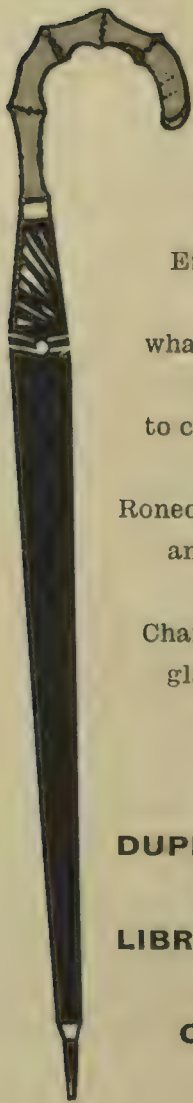
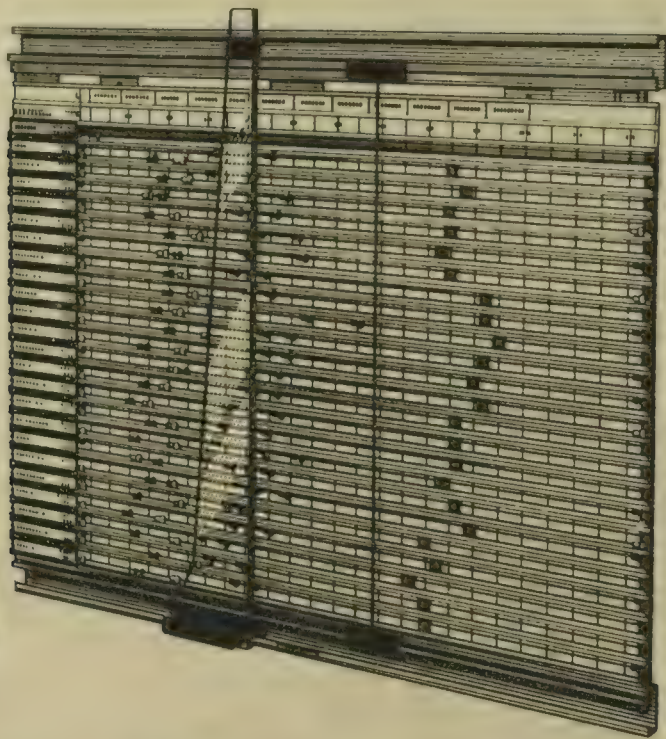
THE CENTRE OF WORLD-WIDE CELEBRATIONS FOR THE MOZART BICENTENARY: THE PICTURESQUE CITY OF SALZBURG, LYING ON BOTH BANKS OF THE RIVER SALZACH, WHERE MOZART WAS BORN ON JANUARY 27, 1756.

January 27 has been celebrated as a national holiday in Austria. This musical nation has led the world in celebrating the 200th anniversary of the birth of that favourite of all Austrian composers, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In the brief thirty-five years of his life Mozart wrote a vast and varied body of music, which has continued to charm all subsequent generations of music-lovers. Salzburg, the city where he was born, is justly proud of this great son and has become a centre of pilgrimage for his untold admirers. Lying on both banks of the River Salzach, it is surrounded by three wooded hills, one of which, the Mönchsberg,

can be seen on the left of the photograph, which has been taken from one of the windows high up in the fortress of the city. This beautiful city has arranged an impressive programme of concerts, services and ceremonies to mark the bicentenary. On the anniversary itself a series of services was arranged and in the evening there was a gala performance of "Idomeneo," Mozart's third opera, which was commissioned for the Munich Carnival of 1781, and which he began to compose while he was staying in Salzburg. The Mozart celebrations will continue at the annual Salzburg Festival which is held in August.



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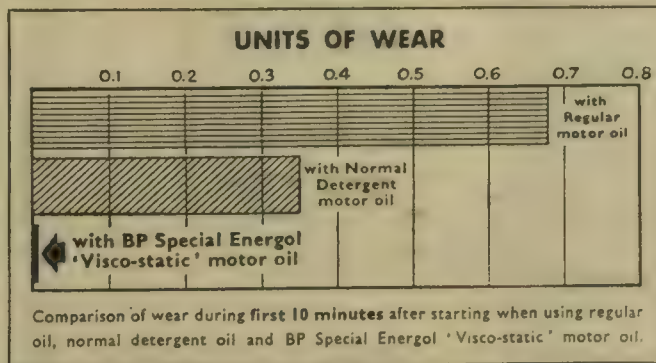
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Have a gimlet.

Thanks very much . . .
a whatlet?

A gimlet.
SEAGERS gin,
lime juice,
small iceberg.

Sounds promising.
Is it a gimlet if
the gin isn't SEAGERS?

I daresay, legally, but —

Ah! I know. You're
going to tell me SEAGERS
is some special kind of gin.

Let's put it more cautiously
and say that gin is merely
a kind of SEAGERS.

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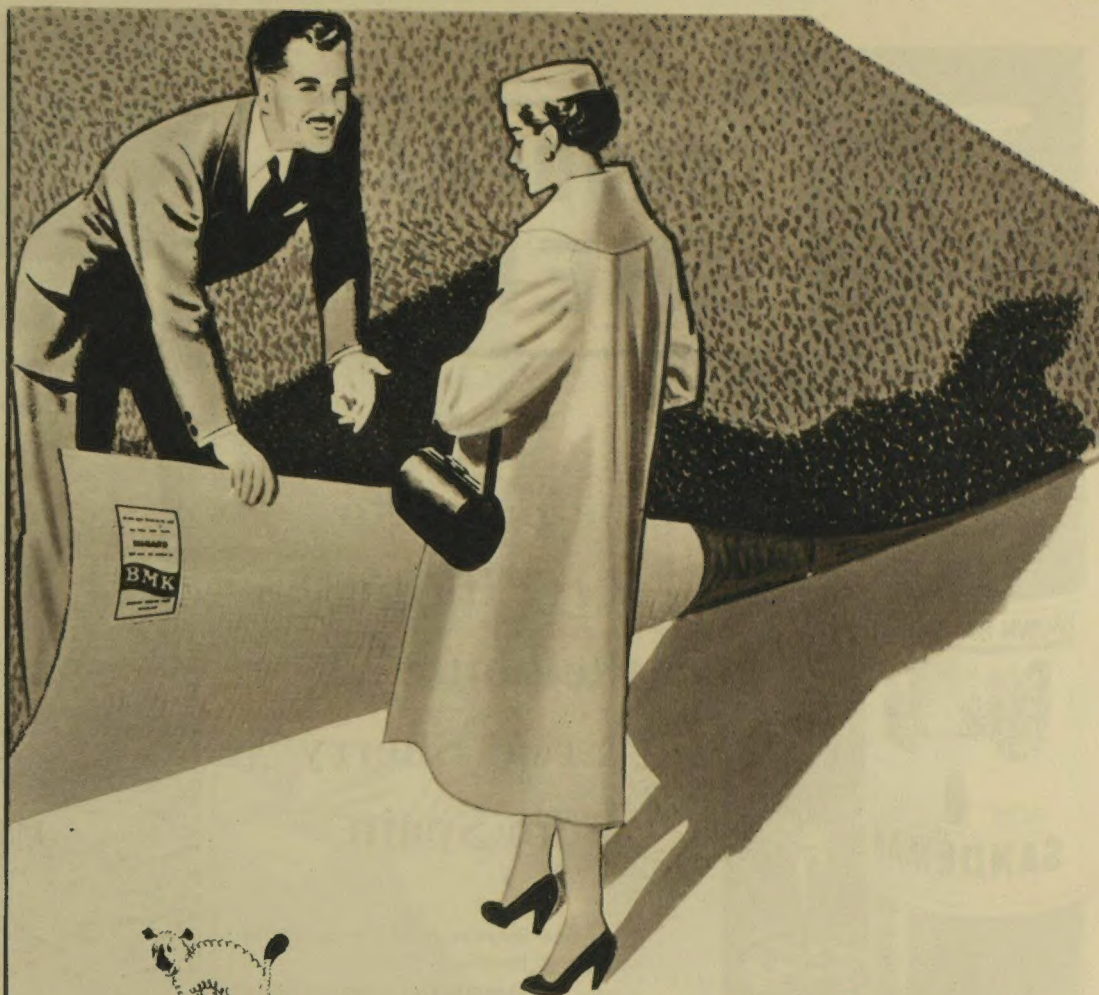
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Hier je suis allé voir
YESTERDAY I CALLED ON

mon ami l'astrologue.
MY FRIEND THE ASTROLOGER.

Regardant à
LOOKING

travers un verre de
THROUGH AN UPTURNED GLASS



Dubonnet renversé,
OF DUBONNET,

il prédit qu'une agréable
HE PREDICTED THAT AN ENJOYABLE

année nous est réservée
YEAR WAS IN STORE

à tous les deux.
FOR US BOTH

(Quelle clairvoyance!)
WHAT FORESIGHT!

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One trip the Romans avoided

TO CARRY ONE'S BRIDE over the threshold was an old Roman custom. The aim was to thwart evil spirits who lurked at the door and tried to trip the bride. When modern grooms observe this ritual, few of them realise its symbolism of protection.

But modern men of business are well aware of the need for protection of another kind. When a product goes to market nowadays it must be well packaged. Failure of the package is as serious as failure of the product itself. So to safeguard his goods and his

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SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE AND SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

discuss the merits of a FINE whisky

'We were asked, Bruce, to give our opinion on whisky today. We have both written books about it: you even have whisky ancestors!'

'They came from the same part as this excellent whisky we are now drinking.'

'What do you like about this whisky?'

'Well, it is made of good stuff, it is 'out of the soil', it has been made for generations, and it takes a long, long time to bring this to such perfection.'

'You told me once' Sir Compton went on 'that a fine whisky was something artistic. Did you

mean the skill that goes into it? Because that must come from the people Grants employ.'

'It does. I believe it is in their blood: they have got it there in the Highlands: they have got the skill and the feel for it. The story of Grants is a wonderful story.'

'Incidentally, Bruce, do you know this whisky as GRANTS OF STAND FAST?'

'Stand Fast is known all over the world. I once wrote a 'purple passage' about it, and I think at the time I said Grants stand fast all over the world, just as their whisky does.'

*This conversation between Sir Compton Mackenzie and Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart was recorded at Sir Compton's Edinburgh home

when the clans gather its

Grants **STAND FAST** **WHISKY**